Senator Allott Replies to John Kenneth Galbraith

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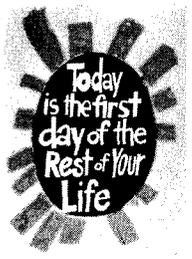

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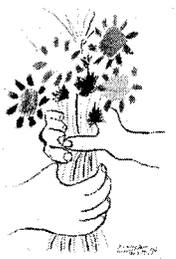

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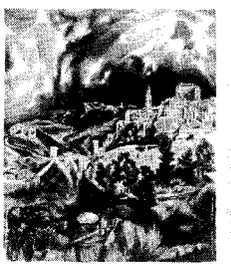

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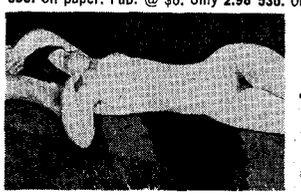

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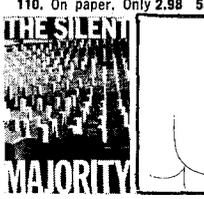

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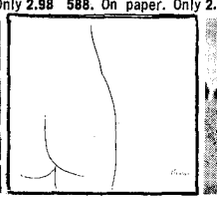

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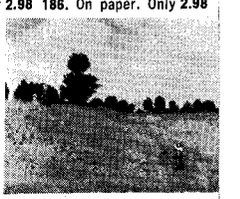

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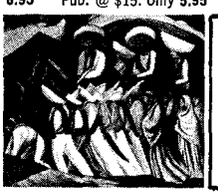

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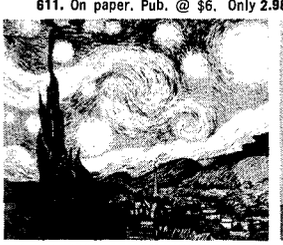

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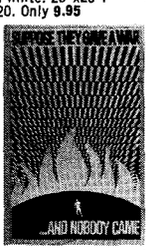

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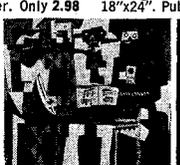

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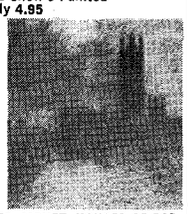

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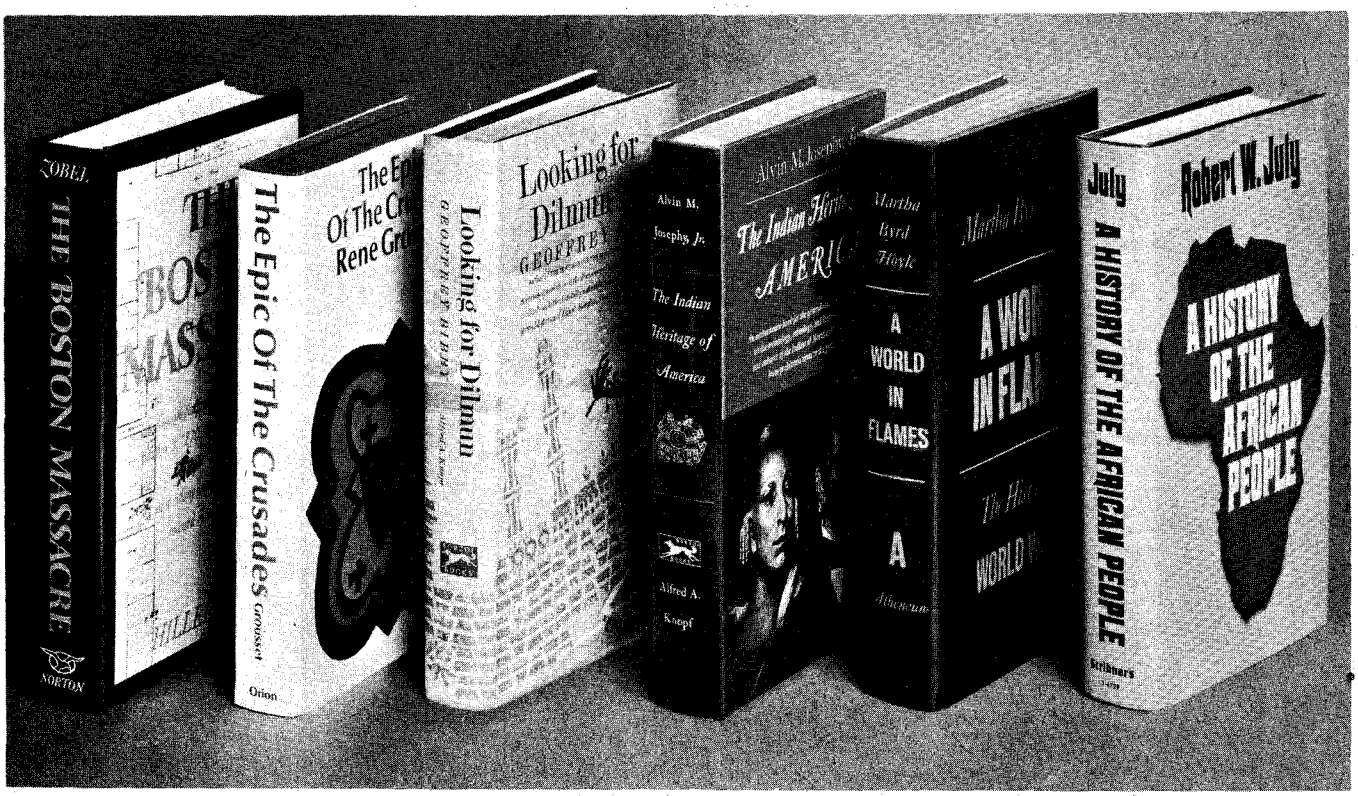
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Verdict of Nixon

I was sitting on a bench in Pershing Square, Los Angeles, the other evening, thumbing through a paperbound *Plutarch* from a secondhand store and thinking about Mr. Nixon. I had come up from San Clemente. I had been at his televised press conference. At the last minute the ballroom sound amplification went dead (though it was all right for TV) and I saw him waiting grimly in back to march up to the mike. It was a situation to try anybody. Here he was booked for prime time and already a minute late and the damn thing wouldn't work anymore than it will at your next Kiwanis Club luncheon. He had prepared for the ordeal for 24 hours, always insisting that he be physically present overnight at the place where he is questioned. So, three minutes late, he marched down the long aisle.

The scowl came off 10 feet down, then he tried on a tentative smile for size, then, as he advanced and we all rose, the full gleaming smile was attached and frozen on like a woman's permanent.

We see President Nixon a lot but we don't see Richard Nixon often. We did see him for a few minutes at the so-called "last press conference" in 1962 when he was bitter from the disastrous defeat for governor of California. The customary cautious, protective covering was gone and the real man who lurks under the controlled and cultivated TV image was there. Jules Witcover tells about it in his new analysis, *The Resurrection of Richard Nixon.*

Here in the park I had time to ponder. The sun was down, the heat over, a pigeon walked under the bench, the dirty pool reflected buildings upside down, a fire truck roared by and electronic chimes told the hour from the Temple Baptist Church. We were a fine relaxed crowd on the benches, some from skid row, some from the Biltmore Hotel over yonder. Every now and then a wrinkle-faced woman on the right got up and made aggressive speeches to nobody in particular; across the pool two men shouted arguments about the Bible; a girl leaned her head on a boy's shoulder; the man beside me put down his stick, stretched out his game leg, surveyed the yellow chrysanthemums and said the weather wasn't what it used to be.

We were a community, a club, we all knew each other. A shirt-sleeved man tried to tempt my attention for some dubious purpose, but I tapped *The Rise & Fall of Athens.* I was the only one reading Plutarch.

Yes, but how about Mr. Nixon? He bothered me. On these election year trips he shakes hands but doesn't really see many people; he carries isolation with him. Always in the background of his few stopovers a sprinkling of antiwar demonstrators carry signs but the crowds in front are warm and friendly. There are few Negroes. One way to forget that one American in ten is black is to travel with Mr. Nixon.

Plutarch said "the Athenians were in the habit of disguising the unpleasant aspects of things by giving them endearing and charitable names and finding polite equivalents for them." At his press conference Mr. Nixon explained that any alleged differences with President Thieu were "purely a matter of semantics."

Thrown Rider

But reality breaks in. At an indoor rodeo at Salt Lake City, an unbroken horse bucked into a wall. The huge crowd in tiered seats gasped in horror to see the cowboy on the ground, arms and legs quivering in convulsions, while almost under the President's box the injured horse staggered, heaving, tortured. It fell with a look on its face like one of Daumier's horses in hell, silent and accusing. The embarrassed crowd lacked the aplomb of Spaniards at a bullfight; the announcer extemporized awkwardly. An ambulance took out the rider, and they forced up the horse to be led out, I suppose, and destroyed.

At his press conference in Los Angeles, and again at Denver, the President sounded expert, facile. He does not try eloquence but can deliver a lawyer's brief almost from memory. But his very glibness sometimes betrays him. Reporters at Los Angeles, after he had told a questioner that he rejected a "forced policy" of Southern integration, knew that something would have to be explained. If it had been Jim Hagerty, now, he would have been out there in the hall the instant the conference was over, cleaning things up with full authority from Gen. Eisenhower. But Mr. Nixon always delays, and compounds his mistakes.

Mr. Nixon went through law school and knows a man is innocent till proved guilty, yet at Denver he lectured the press and then handed down a "guilty" verdict for a defendant on trial for murder. Instead of instantly correcting the small but hideous blunder, which every reporter there recognized, the President waited till he got back to Washington.

It can be dismissed as just another unfortunate slip, or put in its context. The fact is the nation is under almost intolerable strain. It is being subjected to a "fire storm of change" as Alvin Toffler says in his new book, *Future Shock.* Every form of authority is under attack as we conscript youth to fight in Asia. People move instinctively from the periphery to center. Athens had its gods; America has a new tutelary deity – "a 47-year-old housewife from the outskirts of Dayton, Ohio, whose husband is a machinist," personifies the "extreme center," say Messrs. Scammon and Wattenberg in *The Real Majority.* She wants law and order.

Mr. Nixon is against coddling criminals. He accused the Supreme Court of doing that in 1968. His two rejected Supreme Court appointees agreed. His "model" anti-crime law legalizes no-knock raids, preventive detention, mandatory sentences. Fine, says the new Mrs. America. She forgives him for finding the cult-leader guilty. He *is* guilty, isn't he, she asks; so why all the fuss? So are the Black Panthers. So are the long-hairs. So (between you and me) are the minorities in general.

The highbrows, the idealists, the elite, object. Spiro takes care of *them.* Mr. Nixon goes back to his polished TV image of a careful, responsible lawyer, friend of the Forgotten Man.

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Contents

5-7 Comment
The Lively Ivy, Picking Judges in Georgia, Excedrin's Headache

7 The Dispossessed – *Anthony Howard*

9 Joe Duffey's Race – *Paul R. Wieck*

10 Nixon's Turnabout – *Melville J. Ulmer*

12 Middle East Balance? But Russia's Gain – *William H. Dorsey, Jr.*

13 War in North Ireland – *Norman Moss*

14 SALT Chips and Safeguard – *Ralph E. Lapp*

17 Strategy for Democrats: Some Notes on Politics in the '70s – *Richard C. Scammon and Ben J. Wattenberg*

22 Films – *Stanley Kauffmann*

23 Books – Review by *Raymond Mungo*

23 Poem – *John Pauker*

24 Music – *Robert Evett*

30 Television – *Sedulus*

31 Communication: Reply to Galbraith – *Gordon Allott*

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The Lively Ivy

Most of the congressmen and university presidents testifying before the President's Commission on Campus Unrest conclude that campus disruptions will continue until the Administration ends both the war in Vietnam and the snowballing involvement in Cambodia. They imagine that once the war's over, college men and women will return to "normal." Any one of the students involved in last year's 1800 campus demonstrations can tell the commission that when the fighting overseas ends, campus unrest won't. Charles Palmer, National Student Association president, told the commission: "As long as the war in Indochina continues with no end in sight, as long as there is repression of black, brown and red people, as long as the problems of working men are bypassed, as long as there is poverty in this country, and as long as the United States continues on its collision path with its environment, students . . . will continue to make life unbearable, and at times unlivable" for the men who govern. Even Attorney General John Mitchell sees no stopping them. "There will be turbulence on campus for years to come, regardless of the outcome of the war," he conceded recently. "I'm afraid that now we've had a taste of this, there will always be active campuses."

But why is Mr. Mitchell "afraid"? Before the Berkeley Free Speech Movement sparked campus activism in 1965, people grumbled that students were too complacent; that they were leftovers from the Eisenhower days, interested in nothing more than good grades and Homecoming. The campuses *need* dissent and their share of disruption. Universities, as former University of California president Clark Kerr points out, rank among the most conservative institutions; they have learned too well to toe the line in order to get their annual handouts from big business, government, and alumni who have made it. Professors know that stability and the status quo, not academic ferment, will earn them tenure. "If there were no tensions on campus there should be a commission established to create some," says one educational philosopher.

No commission can wave a wand and ward off student activism. The university is a microcosm of the whole society, also a social surrogate – students can't seize the White House and Pentagon to protest social insensibilities, so they sit-in the campus administration building and ROTC headquarters instead, because on almost every campus,

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there are administrators who have formed the habit of listening more clearly to the Pentagon and to the drummers of the supercorporation than to their own students. University affairs are controlled not by the faculty, and not by the students for whom education ostensibly exists, but by trustees who sit on corporation boards when they are not attending the once-monthly college policy sessions. Black youths and other racial minorities account for about 20 percent of the country's student-age population, but less than five percent ever find their way to college. No witness before the commission called louder than University of Michigan president Robben Fleming for universities to follow the "unassailable logic" of admitting more minority students but he neglected to add that on his own campus, students, faculty and nonacademic employes shut the college for one week before the administration would pledge markedly increased minority enrollment. Students don't expose themselves to arrest and cracked skulls on campus because it's fun; there often seems to be no other way they can force the university to listen. S. I. Hayakawa, the president of San Francisco State University, thinks students rebel because they are bored, frustrated "captives of the educational system." He's right; it's hard for students to stay inspired when what they are getting is not a self-fulfilling education, but merely admission to an institution which will prime them with marketable facts, test and herd them into jobs. Hayakawa wants to throw the disenchanted out of college. Legislatures in 32 states are trying to quiet their campuses by passing laws which automatically expell disrupting students, by firing teachers, and by setting up rigorous security systems to hold off outside agitators.

The way to solve the problems causing campus unrest is to confront the problems on the campus. The Commission on Campus Unrest can't reorder national priorities – overhaul the federal budget, reform industry, clean up pollution and rebuild the slums, all targets of student unrest. But it can press for a change at the *university* level, and can work to give students the power to construct a society on their own campuses as a start for rebuilding the society which they will inherit outside them. That means putting students elected by students on the boards of trustees, on curriculum committees and on nonacademic policy boards – opening all the decision-making processes to the students whom, after all, the decisions will affect the most. Congress took a step toward giving youth their share of the nation's political power when it passed the 18-year-old vote; why should students be given less responsibility on their own campuses? Congress should require, as a prerequisite for federal aid, that colleges demonstrate they have given students a fair share of voting power on their policy boards the way it not long ago passed a law denying federal aid to political districts which have discriminatory voting laws.

Picking Judges in Georgia

In the US fifth judicial circuit, which covers the Deep South, there are more than 60 federal judges – and not one is black. This sorry fact was underscored when a handful of Georgia Republicans met to select men to fill four new district judgeships in that state. The names of some 30 lawyers were batted about, and when SCLC's Dr. Ralph Abernathy suggested that one or more of the new posts ought to go to a Negro, the Republicans were surprised. Congressman Fletcher Thompson replied that "not a single Negro was suggested to me by anyone for the position," and of course Thompson himself did not suggest one. Neither did the other four Republican leaders involved in picking the names to be submitted to the Nixon Administration.

In the past, district judges in Georgia have been handpicked by the state's US senators – Richard Russell and Herman Talmadge or the late Walter George, as far back as one can remember. One prominent Atlanta Negro attorney was considered for a judgeship a couple of years ago (Russell and Talmadge were going to hold their fire), but his candidacy bogged down in Washington. This year, the Republicans had a fine opportunity to shake things up in Georgia. National committeeman Howard "Bo" Callaway, the state's leading Republican, had already made a significant change in the process; he submitted his list of possible nominees to a top-level committee of Georgia lawyers, to get its view on which men were well qualified.

Georgia Republicans say they don't know of a single black Republican lawyer who could be appointed to a judgeship. They add smugly that if the Democrats couldn't find a Negro judge in all those years, how can anybody expect the Republicans to find one now? The answer is that this is 1970, opportunities for black Americans are supposed to be increasing, and here was a chance for the Nixon Administration to do something positive. Politically dangerous? Not really. Nixon would cut into the hostility of blacks, while only the most intractable white segregationists could complain about a state that is 29 percent black having one black federal judge.

Had Nixon checked with the top federal judges in Georgia, he might have uncovered the names of a black attorney or two. Apparently he feels that the Georgia GOP leaders, staunch conservatives all, are better guides in finding able, progressive judges.

There *are* several qualified Negroes, including Donald Hollowell, head of the Atlanta office of the federal Equal Employment Opportunity Commission; Howard Moore, Atlanta's leading civil rights attorney; and state senator Horace Ward. They are too closely associated with civil rights, white attorneys complain. What else would a self-respecting black attorney be associated with?

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Excedrin's Headache

For the past year David Janssen, remembered as "The Fugitive's" innocent doctor on the run, has been appearing in a televised Excedrin commercial in which he says "tests conducted at a famous hospital" have proven "two Excedrin contain twice as much pain reliever as four of the best selling aspirin." City buses carry Excedrin ads headlined "Aspirin isn't best any more"; full-page newspaper ads announce, "For 70 years, aspirin has been good enough. But now it's time to try Excedrin." Last month the Center for the Study of Responsive Law (which produces the Nader Reports on governmental and industrial nonfeasance) filed a class action suit against Bristol-Myers, charging that B-M's Excedrin ads are "false, misleading and deceptive." If you believe these ads, says the Center, you're paying a lot more than necessary for pain relief. One hundred Excedrin costs $1.12 (in the drugstore we checked), a hundred Bayer aspirin 74 cents, and 1000 of the drugstore's brand sells for 99 cents. In buying a famous brand name, you're really subsidizing the company's huge advertising budget; in 1968, Bristol-Myers spent $9.3 million on Excedrin promotion.

Bristol-Myers has had a good deal of experience in fighting off attacks on the integrity of their advertising. They've kept the Federal Trade Commission tied up in court since the early sixties with a similar case. Both the FTC and the Nader group have questioned the validity of Excedrin's "famous hospital study." The study was actually an examination of post partum pain, the pain suffered by women after childbirth. Obviously David Janssen couldn't talk about something like that in prime time in front of 125 million people. So Bristol-Myers just called it plain old pain. In March of this year NBC decided that was dishonest and banned the Janssen Excedrin commercial. In turn, Bristol-Myers quit buying time on NBC. In defending this action, Bristol-Myers told *Advertising Age* the commercial "is an accurate and truthful summary of a fine clinical study done by reputable and expert scientists."

The scientists are Drs. John P. Emich and Richard H. Schwarz of the department of obstetrics and gynecology at Philadelphia General Hospital. In their report, "A Dose Response and Relative Potency Study of Two Non-Narcotic Analgesics," the doctors say, "all patients were interviewed at their bedside by the research team which consisted of a graduate nurse specially trained in interview techniques and, on occasion, one of the physicians responsible for patient care." The questions were "both simple and meaningful – Do you have pain now? Where is your pain? Is it heavy, medium or light? These are representative of the questions asked." The patients' answers to these questions (data) were run through an IBM 360 computer and the results graphed as "Percentage PID: average pain intensity difference as a percentage of starting pain." According to the graphs, some patients got 34 percent relief from Excedrin or whatever they took, others 57 percent relief and so on. One might reasonably wonder how personal pain could be measured with such statistical, computerized precision. Classical studies of pain have been less ambitious, trying only to establish the "threshold of pain," the point at which pain initially occurs. After studying their pain print-outs and PID graphs, Drs. Schwarz and Emich concluded Excedrin to be the most effective post partum pain pill. The Responsive Law group asked an independent authority to examine the Philadelphia Hospital study. They called it a "gross statistical fraud."

As the case winds to the Supreme Court, Bristol-Myers will have to argue they didn't deceive anyone by simply saying pain rather than post partum pain. Contacted at Philadelphia General recently, Dr. Emich was asked whether his study could be used as evidence that Excedrin is the best thing you can buy for headaches, toothaches or any pain other than post partum. Dr. Emich said the study was performed on a "population complaining of post partum pain, this pain being entirely different from anybody's headache." "Do I think that you can compare the discomfort of uterine cramps or the pain after delivery? I really don't know whether you can or not because you're dealing in different pain systems. If you had a pain in your gut I would defy you to compare it to a pain in your head. It's like looking at apples and oranges." Then what about the Excedrin ad? "You're talking of something that I completely wipe my hands of."

The Dispossessed

London

As Mr. Heath arrived in triumph in Downing Street as new prime minister, Mr. Wilson was observed creeping out of the back-garden gate, his rapidly stuffed tea-chests of papers and documents still standing on the lawn. The Wilsons have found a modest, four-bedroom home near the House of Commons and managed to lease it for six months from the American film director, Joseph Epstein.

Gone are the ministerial limousines, the red boxes, even the "scrambler" telephones that used to connect the members of the Labour government day and night to the sources of power. One ex-Minister confessed that his very first act after losing office had been to go out and buy a raincoat. In five-and-a-half years he had simply never had to worry about the weather. Whether leaving a restaurant, coming out of his ministry or going home at night from the House of Com-

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mons the official chauffeur had always been there – complete with a protective umbrella.

Labour cabinet ministers who for years were earning $24,000 a year (or roughly the same as a senior committee staffer on Capitol Hill) have suddenly found themselves dependent on an ordinary MP's salary of $9000 (or approximately the equivalent of the rate paid to a congressional janitor). Men who a few short weeks ago were dealing in government subsidies to industry of millions of pounds have suddenly discovered that the tycoons and business magnates who used to fawn upon them could not be less interested today in their economic well-being. A typical case is that of a former middle-rank Treasury minister, one of the bright and up-and-coming men of the Labour Party, William Rodgers. According to his own account, so long as he was in office no businessman ever thought it proper to conclude an interview with him without somehow intimating that if he should ever think of abandoning politics the doors of his company would be wide open to him. Today, if he meets those same men at a social gathering, what he notices is a distinctly shifty look accompanied by a questing glance that passes well over his shoulder towards someone really influential who has just come into the room.

The older Labour ex-ministers at least have the consolation of being used to opposition (between 1951 and 1964 the Labour Party, after all, spent 13 years at it); and anyway, as products of their generation, they remain darkly suspicious of anyone seen dining too openly with Mammon. In a poignant interview with a journalist one veteran member of the last government – Mr. Robert Mellish, its chief whip – explained with some unctuousness that he certainly had not thought of taking a job with "some great capitalist company": his only ambition was to serve the party. Did that mean that he would not take an outside business job if one was offered? "You're not to write down that I would refuse. You're to cut this whole thing out altogether." Luckily for Mr. Mellish he has become one of the two members of the Opposition to receive an official salary (if a less than princely one). So built-in is the idea of Her Majesty's *Loyal* Opposition in the British constitution that the government of the day pays for its leader and its chief whip to do their jobs, Mr. Wilson (following his reelection as Labour's leader) getting a salary of $15,000 and Mr. Mellish (chosen by the party to be the chief whip in opposition just as he was in government) receiving $13,000.

For the other ministerial victims of Labour's defeat there are no such cushioning consolations. Even the Deputy Leader of the Opposition, Roy Jenkins, has to survive on an ordinary backbencher's salary. Mr. Jenkins, however, is more fortunate than most. An accomplished historical biographer as well as being a capable, enlightened politician he should have no difficulty in adding to his parliamentary salary.

Writing – if in a more journalistic style – has also come to the aid of another prominent casualty. Richard Crossman, by turns Minister of Housing, Leader of the House and Minister for Social Security in the Wilson administration, two days after the election was appointed editor of the *New Statesman*. As a result overnight he became a man whose favor was cultivated almost as eagerly as Harold Wilson's had been while he was still Prime Minister. At last count, three of Crossman's former cabinet colleagues could be seen making their weekly pilgrimage to the quaintly old-fashioned offices of the *New Statesman* – publicly to give political advice but privately probably with the hope of being invited to write regular articles.

Yet in a country that cannot afford to let proved administrative ability go to waste, some use should be found for men like Denis Healey (five-and-a-half years' experience of handling an annual defense budget of $4 billion), Tony Wedgwood Benn (who, from his base in the Ministry of Technology, taught British industrialists how to compete in the modern world), and for a dynamo of feminine energy like Barbara Castle (the greatest battler against antiquated labor practices any government has ever produced). In the past, British Prime Ministers occasionally made bipartisan appointments to public bodies: for instance, Harold Macmillan sent a Labour politician, Alfred Robens, to run the Coal Board while Harold Wilson himself appointed a Tory businessman, Lord Melchett, to preside over the British Steel Corporation. But in Mr. Heath's abrasive new Britain this civilized tradition does not look very likely to survive. The new Prime Minister's first act in the realm of official patronage was to cancel the appointment of a former Labour minister, Anthony Greenwood, to head the Commonwealth Development Corporation. Mr. Greenwood may not have been the ideal choice, but he had already been nominated for the job by Mr. Wilson and had given up his parliamentary seat in order to take up his new career. The Ambassador in Washington, John Freeman, who announced a wish to return to private life, is thought to have been axed by personal order of the new Foreign Secretary, Sir Alec Douglas-Home.

For the displaced persons of Britain's June revolution the next five years threaten to be decidedly lean ones. That in itself could turn out to have the advantage of concentrating the Labour Party's mind wonderfully on the prospects of getting back into office. Before the Commons rose, not to return till October, the Parliamentary Labour Party had made a good start in that direction by electing for the first time in living memory a "shadow" cabinet based on hard-headed political ability and owing nothing to old-time sentimentality. If Mr. Heath has decided to play it rough, he could yet be surprised at just how vigorously the new modern-minded Labour Opposition is prepared to reply.

Anthony Howard

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Joe Duffey's Race

Hartford, Conn.

Joe Duffey is more at ease with a mug of beer in his hand at a workman's pub across from the New London submarine yards than on Fairfield County's manicured lawns, which were his initial base as a leader of the state's antiwar, pro-McCarthy camp in 1968. It makes him a viable candidate for US Senator this year, although as a Protestant minister identified with the peace movement his bid defies conventional political wisdom in industrialized, Catholic Connecticut.

Just how viable will be determined Aug. 19, when Democratic voters will have the unusual experience for that state of picking from a field of three in a primary. As they go into the final days, cautious optimism is spreading through Duffey ranks. The aging organization of Chairman John Bailey seems indifferent to its candidate, Stamford industrialist Alphonse Donahue. Support for Duffey is increasing fast among Machinists and United Auto Workers, the two biggest unions in the nation's number two defense state. It's growing in the suburbs. By the first weekend in August, Sen. Abe Ribicoff was flatly predicting a Duffey victory at a series of fund raisers. However, the Duffey forces were still nervous. They lack the money to match Donahue's TV blitz, can't believe the organization won't wake up on election day and turn out a vote for Donahue, or that they won't be hit by a left-wing smear. But balanced against that are the signs of success. Sen. Ribicoff notes that the only rank-and-file enthusiasm in the state is for Duffey. Duffey's reception at factory gates and in plants is always warm. Since 1968, his base has gone beyond the bounds of the peace movement to embrace almost all of the elements of the traditional coalition except the party hacks and the Irish Catholic hard hats, who still want Sen. Tom Dodd.

Duffey worked out his strategy with Ann Wexler, his campaign manager, a gal who may be the best technician to have come out of the "new politics" in 1968. Their first crucial decision was not to "primary" the state convention delegate selection process. In 1968, Duffey and Wexler led the McCarthy forces into a series of bruising primaries at a town level, winning some stunning upsets and garnering 30 percent of the state convention delegates and a share of the Chicago contingent. To do so, they had to rip away the status symbols to which a lot of minor league politicos cling with tenacity. This year, they didn't want to alarm the organization more than necessary.

It turns out to have been a wise decision, although in January and February, when Duffey and Paul Newman were hopscotching across Connecticut in a four-seater in search of town committees, a lot of people had doubts. Using his commuter-belt support as a base, Duffey added black regulars from Hartford, scattered labor leaders, more than his share of party notables (ex-Govs. Chester Bowles and Wilbur Snow, ex-Rep. Chase Going Woodhouse, Mayor Dick Lee of New Haven), a regular here and there, and a few surprise delegations out of town caucuses, to wind up with votes to spare at the convention. He needed 20 percent to score a primary and received 24 percent.

Duffey comes by his labor and black support honestly. He is the son of a West Virginia coal miner who lost his leg early in life and turned to barbering and politics. Labor leaders started noticing his presence on picket lines, his support of the grape boycott, long before he became a candidate. His instinctive responses are right. A union along the coast was a hotbed for Wallace in 1968. This year, the union went on strike and management threatened to move the plant South. Duffey issued a statement condemning the threat and noting the adverse impact of Section 14-B on Connecticut labor inasmuch as it preserves a cheap labor market in the South. A few days later, the local union leader called him. Duffey was the only statewide political leader to have responded. Since then, he has talked to the local and received a ringing endorsement.

But a peace candidate garnering labor votes in a key defense state? That's explainable. Right now, there are widespread layoffs in the defense industry. The workers feel insecure. But Duffey has long been an advocate of Walter Reuther's conversion plan, which would require defense management to set aside 25 percent of its profits for conversion. The workers like it.

The black community knows him as a friend. Years ago, he worked hard to keep his middle-class neighborhood on the fringe of the Hartford ghetto integrated. It worked. He has supported them in every way.

Duffey and Wexler didn't turn the race into another "children's crusade," by importing canvassers. Instead, they're relying on community-based organizations, requiring each town to raise the funds for its own headquarters. Dozens have been opened across the state. It does not exclude "the kids," but it means a broader organization, as in East Lyme, a town in the heart of what was regarded as "Dodd country." There, a Duffey group seized control of the town caucus and elected its delegates. The steering committee includes a college teacher, a sheet metal worker, an independent businessman, a retired engineer and a farmer-fisherman.

The kids are important but, more often than not, they're local kids home from college who've shaved a beard or turned to electoral politics to the obvious relief of family and friends, who reciprocate by lending a hand or pledging a vote. At the very least, parents are curious about Duffey. When he met the morning shift at a New Haven plant, a company executive was waiting to say, "my son is working for you. I lean to the other party but I wanted to meet you."

Many things will be tested in Connecticut Aug. 19;

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primaries are a new experience in an organization-controlled state. How many voters will turn out during the vacation season? Who can really turn out the vote – labor or organization, town committees or volunteer groups? Can a TV blitz overcome?

The organization is working under handicaps. There isn't much incentive for it to get out a big vote for Donahue, a personable Irishman with a large family and a large fortune. A Senate seat isn't that important, patronage-wise. Besides, Sen. Ribicoff claims the organization is flabby with age and has been in a decline for five years. Its nominee for governor, Rep. Emilio Daddario of Hartford, is staying neutral, his staff split sharply between older organization men and younger, pro-Duffey researchers and aides. Some insist the infusion of new blood Duffey could bring in the fall might be the only thing that can save the Democratic ticket against an onslaught from a well-financed and able GOP ticket.

Labor has similar handicaps. Leaders are committed but top state and regional leaders aren't convinced. Some are hawks, and others just skeptical. So the kind of get-out-the-vote drive labor can put on, as in 1968 when it turned the state around and delivered it to the Humphrey-Muskie ticket in the last two weeks, will have to be done on a volunteer basis.

Towns like East Hartford will be crucial tests. There, Duffey has 200 workers and strong backing from union leaders in a blue-collar town. The organization is for Donahue but turned out under 50 people for a headquarters opening.

The commitment of suburbanites, a few of whom are already complaining Duffey has become a "labor candidate," will also be tested. It's August and they've flocked to the beaches. In some towns, Duffey leaders say their people are coming back from Cape Cod in large numbers to vote. If so, Duffey's chances improve: absentee voting isn't permitted in the primary.

If the antiwar movement came up with cash well into five figures for Duffey in the final days, Donahue's TV blitz could be blunted and an impressive win might be in the making.

Clearly, the Duffey race is crucial to the hopes of those who envision a new, populist coalition of the working class, suburbanites, students and minorities emerging to challenge Nixon's "middle America" strategy on the issues of the decade – the war, racism, environment. If he can make it through the primary, Duffey can add substantial independent and liberal Republican support in the fall. An independent candidacy by Sen. Dodd would probably help. Sen. Ribicoff thinks Dodd would get 50,000 to 100,000 votes just by putting his name on the ballot, and that they're votes Duffey couldn't touch. But he wouldn't need to, in a three-way race.

Paul R. Wieck

Nixon's Turnabout

One alteration in the economic scene wrought by the Nixon Administration is a renewed veneration of the market place. Tradition in the United States, of course, requires that Presidents pay lip service to "free" enterprise, competition, and the wondrous byproducts of the pursuit of profit. But since Franklin D. Roosevelt the trend in practice has been to limit, guide, or regulate the market forces of demand and supply. Even under President Eisenhower, though the trend paused, it was not reversed.

Not so under President Nixon. With a minimum of fanfare he has been executing a philosophic turnabout that has gone all but unnoticed. From one Administration proposal to the next there is the common theme of substituting the "objective" forces of the market for deliberate government intervention. Taken all together, their impact is nothing less than a quiet but stubborn counter-revolution aimed at displacing the fledgling Middle Way, or modern Welfare State, in favor of Laissez Faire.

Since the evidence could fill a book, this article will be confined to three illustrations, deliberately drawn from diverse areas in military recruitment, education, and economic stabilization.

I turn to military recruitment first because here the issues have been particularly muddy, and the President has almost completely confused his potential opponents. Nixon's proposal for a "volunteer" army, initially announced in his campaign speeches, has won the support of a lengthy list of both liberals and conservatives headed by such unlikely pairs as Senators Hatfield and Goldwater, McGovern and Dominick of Colorado. The reason for the support of liberals should be obvious. A volunteer army is grasped as a desperate expedient to enable youngsters who despise the war in Indo-China to stay out.

But the proposal's expediency and the euphemism, "volunteer," should not obscure its reliance on the pecuniary, amoral forces of the market, the magic duo of demand and supply. For the idea is to permit the military to raise the rate of pay for inductees (demand) to a level high enough to lure the number of able-bodied males (supply) it requires. Those who enter, in the main, will predictably be the poor and the disadvantaged, responding to the financial bait – not volunteers in the spirit of 1776. Those who stay out will be not merely the conscientious opponents of the war, but the relatively affluent who enjoy financial alternatives that are safer.

In the words of Milton Friedman, one of the philosophic seers of the Nixon Administration, "the objective, impersonal operation of the market will have been substituted for administrative fiat." Whether this is an improvement usually, or in the present instance, may be

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debatable. In any event, Nixon would do the same for education.

The Nixon-endorsed education plan, now under further study in HEW, is to distribute vouchers to parents with which they can finance the instruction of their children. On the demand side, parents will be free to spend the vouchers among competing schools as they wish, a reaffirmation of what traditional economists call "consumers' sovereignty." On the supply side, producers will be free to operate – that is, to educate – as they wish, on a private enterprise, profit-making basis. Moreover, the "industry" will remain open for new entries. Free competition, you see, will work its fabulous wonders, American productive ingenuity will be given full reign, and the amount of knowledge crammed down pupils per hour will skyrocket.

Now in the markets for fish or even women's dresses, consumers can usually be trusted within reasonable limits to know what they are buying. In education the quality of the product is not so evident. Will parents be attracted to the schools with the biggest computers, the shiniest reading machines, the most impressive buildings, the easiest curricula, the funniest TV programs, the prettiest teachers, the loosest grading standards, or what? And if they are looking, intelligently, for the best education, however that may be interpreted, how will they know where to find it? How will they know *when* they find it? Through advertising?

Many liberals (such as Christopher Jencks, "Education Vouchers," *NR* July 4) support the "vouchers for education" idea because they oppose the bureaucratic sloth of the public school systems of some areas. But many Europeans have found the answer to that without turning to the uncertain benefactions of the market and the profit system. In the Netherlands, for example, any qualified group of educators who can guarantee some minimum enrollment of children, are free to start a school and to use whatever methods of instruction they wish. The government provides financial support, based on the size of the enrollment. Parents are free to send their children to any of these highly diverse, publicly supported schools, as they desire.

But the central government in Holland also requires that pupils all over the country take standardized tests in prescribed subjects at frequent intervals, with some variation allowed for different "tracks" or specializations. Pupils cannot be promoted from one form to the next without passing. As a result, schools with abnormally high flunk rates drop out of existence, as parents quickly shift their children elsewhere. Schools with outstanding records of success in exams, in pupil reaction, or in caring for particular types of children, are enabled to extend their services and establish new branches. The national exams provide an objective standard.

The Dutch system is not offered here as a model, necessarily, but as proof that there are more effective ways for stimulating worthwhile innovation in education than trusting to the uncertain vagaries of the market. It is just possible that the "vouchers for education" system would provide more stimulus to the manufacture of educational gadgets, and to TV commercials, than it would to the process of learning.

As a final example of the Administration's market orientation, I return to a familiar topic – the current war against inflation. Here, if anywhere, it appears on the surface that the emphasis is on deliberate, administrative decision, and not the free market. With fiscal stringency and high interest rates the Administration has intentionally provoked a recession, has purposefully set out to cure inflation with a stiff dose of unemployment. Surely, it would seem, this is not laissez faire.

True enough, so far. But such active governmental intervention is viewed as a temporary necessity born of prior evils over which the present Administration had no control. According to the Nixon "game plan," two years or so of enforced recession will be enough. Some time in 1972, according to the Council of Economic Advisers, the economy will snap back to full employment. But then what? Specifically, once business is stepped up, why won't prices resume their customary gallop? If they do, will we need another recession to stop that? Must we look forward to boom, bust, boom, bust, boom, bust, in an endless series?

These are questions I raised in a previous article ("Depression Ahead?" *NR* July 4) and also put directly to government economists including Council member Herbert Stein, the domestic economy specialist. The government, as I knew before asking, plans no system of price controls, no public employment, no experimentation with such gadgets as refundable taxes, no other deliberate tactics to achieve and maintain a stable economy. Instead, reliance will be placed on the free operation of the market – "a system we have never really tried," as Professor Friedman contends. If government stops jiggling taxes, public spending, and the interest rate, the Administration's argument goes, the economy will balance itself within reasonable limits, and full employment without inflation can become a reality. The formula? Once the economy is moving upward again, just increase the money supply by about four or five percent per annum, enough to allow for long-term growth. Otherwise, for the most part, keep hands off!

It requires a lot of faith to believe this – faith for which no support can be found in our own records or that of any other nation. Are market forces really that good, that omnipotent, that beneficent, despite the testimony of history, Karl Marx, Wesley C. Mitchell, John Maynard Keynes, and the bulk of the present membership of the American Economic Association? Before such romantic notions bring real disaster, the voters in November and a duly alerted Senate and House, we may hope, will provide the proper answer.

Melville J. Ulmer

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Middle East Balance?

But Russia's Gain

Amman.

Since the end of the 1967 June war, the balance of allegiances in the Middle East has altered radically. Three years ago, King Hussein of Jordan could still afford to be openly pro-American. Now there is neither an American Ambassador in Amman nor any Jordanian in an official position who would be prepared to risk asking that a new one be sent. An earlier stage of the same pattern of political development is perhaps to be seen in Lebanon.

Libya is a country in which American oil companies have investments generally reckoned to total some $4.5 billion. In June 1967, Libya was still under the rule of King Muhammad Idriss of the Sanusi family. But last September, this pro-Western regime was swept away in a bloodless coup which put control of the country in the hands of the Libyan Revolution Command Council led by Colonel Muammar Qadafi, who secured American withdrawal from the Wheelus (now Uqba bin Nafi) Air Force Base. President Nasser wants Libya to remain his "window to the West" and thus advocates restraint in dealings with foreign oil companies; however, the Soviet Union presumably wants a more "radicalized" Libya.

The Rogers Plan is very much a lowest common denominator in the Middle East positions of the United States and Russia as well as those of France and England. The Soviet Union forced America's hand.

President Nasser in a recent speech before the national congress of Egypt's only political party, the Arab Socialist Union, revealed that on June 11, 1967, one day after the Middle East war ended, Moscow offered to replace all weapons lost in the Sinai campaign free of charge, as well as offering economic assistance. "When there was a shortage of some raw materials and we had not the hard currency with which to buy them," the Egyptian President said, "we asked the Soviet Union to give them to us under the payments plan, and they did."

Thus the Soviet Union found new political allies, new markets for its industrial production, and new oil and gas supplies which it can use itself or in East Europe, or sell at competitive prices in Western Europe.

But the Soviet Union also has problems. There is the omnipresent danger of more fighting with Communist China. Some 35 divisions and a substantial array of atomic weaponry are reported deployed along the Sino-Soviet border. Domestic economic problems will require massive investments in agriculture and industry. In Moscow as in Washington, there is little incentive to increase foreign commitments. And, although they appreciated its aid, the Soviet Union has never been popular in the Arab countries. Russians are not liked by the Arabs, or understood by them.

Russia has something to gain from a Middle East settlement: reopening of the Suez Canal. The Soviet Union is now a world naval power whose total gross shipping tonnage has been increasing at a rate of some one million tons a year. On the anniversary of Lenin's birth this year, naval demonstrations involving 150 warships were staged in the Atlantic, Pacific and Indian Oceans and in the Mediterranean. Use of the Suez Canal would improve communications between eastern and western Russia (separated by 5000 miles) and with Arabia and the Indian subcontinent. It would also enable the Soviet Navy to open and maintain another front in the confrontation with China.

In Egypt, Jordan and Israel, although each is at pains to hide it, weariness with war is apparent. Many feel that fighting is no longer a means which can serve the needs of either side.

Three years after a conflict in which Jordan lost the equivalent of 38 percent of its gross domestic product (while absorbing new refugees equal to 17 percent of its population) its economy is showing only tentative signs of recovery and even this has been achieved only through annual input of $175 million from abroad – 70 percent of the country's total money supply – in the form of aid, or spending by foreign troops.

Egypt has the most solid industrial base of any Arab country in the Middle East despite loss of the Sinai oilfields (2.5 million tons a year) and revenues from the Suez Canal ($250 million). Yet economic growth has averaged only 3.2 percent a year, only marginally ahead of the population growth of 2.6 percent. But Egypt has announced it will spend on defense in the 1970-71 fiscal year $1.5 billion – nearly one-third of total government expenditures.

Israel has remained solvent thanks in part to receiving since the June war upwards of $750 million from Jews abroad. But with annual defense expenditures averaging 20 percent of gross national product (compared with 9 percent for the United States) the Israeli balance of payments deficit for the twelve months ending June 30 this year was $1.1 billion – the highest on record.

The noises out of Tel Aviv have clearly discernible themes. The prime minister, Mrs. Meir, still finds it appropriate to refer to the Russians as "imperialists of the worst kind" (in an interview on July 12). But the defense minister, Moshe Dayan, recently felt able to hazard the comment that "the aim of the Soviet Union [in the Middle East] is not the destruction of Israel but the resurrection of the Nasser regime."

The military strengths of the two major belligerents, Israel and Egypt (Jordan and the rest of the Arab states are not particularly relevant) are approaching some sort of parity. The new Soviet SAM-3 missiles near the Suez Canal are not, in themselves, offensive weapons,

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though no one can guarantee that they will not be used to cover an offensive move, to establish a beachhead on the east bank of the Canal, for example. The Russian missiles provide a certain security, important psychologically even more than militarily, for an Egyptian population which three years ago was decisively beaten by a vastly superior Israeli war machine, and which more recently has suffered the painful humiliation of virtually unopposed enemy bombing raids deep within its own territory. It is because of this new missile strength that Egypt feels it can afford to negotiate.

Syria's and Iraq's rejections of the Rogers Plan may be irrelevant. Syria is more often noted for words than deeds. Iraq, just ending a debilitating civil war with the Kurds in the north, desperately needs a period of political and economic retrenchment, and is deeply involved with Iran in another potentially explosive issue, the future of the Persian Gulf.

The attitude of the Palestinians is critical, however. If a split between "moderate" and "militant" Palestinians diminishes their potential for blocking a Middle East settlement, it does not affect their commitment to a solution of "the refugee problem." Nasser said, on July 26, that a settlement in the Middle East was not possible "except by giving the Palestinians back their rights, getting them out of their refugee tents and returning them to their towns and villages."

William H. Dorsey, Jr.

Mr. Dorsey *writes about the Middle East in the* Economist *of London and other journals.*

War in North Ireland

Belfast

Things are getting worse in Northern Ireland, in ways that seem dismally to resemble the American racial scene.

Most of the demands of the civil rights campaign have been granted, and discrimination against the Roman Catholic minority has been reduced. Yet relations between them and Protestants have deteriorated. The gulf between them widens with every new act of violence. It is becoming more difficult to see any political answers, or to view the problem in terms of other than tribal warfare.

The national election in June showed a serious slide to the right here, the Protestant backlash. On the other side, the civil rights movement has practically disintegrated. Even in its heyday last year, it hardly fulfilled its ideal of a nonsectarian movement. But at least its leaders were ready to work within the system, a Northern Ireland that is a part of the United Kingdom, shelving the traditional aspiration of Catholics for a united Ireland.

Now very few are willing to share even this common ground with the Protestants. A divide was crossed in the June election when John Hume, the most widely respected civil rights leader and a man dedicated to nonviolence, threw his support behind Eddie McAteer, a fervent republican and Irish nationalist and reputedly an IRA sympathizer. By doing so, Hume destroyed what credibility he had among Protestants, and gave strength to those who had always viewed the civil rights movement as a front for republican subversion.

The killing this year began at the end of June, at an enclave of Catholic streets in largely Protestant East Belfast. Provocation and counter-provocation escalated to the shooting stage; five Protestants were killed and one Catholic.

"At last the Catholic community is defending itself," said Catholics all over Ulster. "A handful of them surrounded by Protestants, and they fought them off."

"Murderers," said Protestants in their hard, bitter voices. "Shooting from the church, they were. Five of our people killed. And the Army wouldn't touch them."

The Army touched Catholics a week later. Troops were searching a house for weapons on the Falls Road, the principal working-class Catholic area of Belfast. They were stoned, and then fired on. They waited some time before returning the fire, but then the battle raged all night and five Falls Road men were killed.

Briefly, soldiers in jeeps were cheered on nearby Protestant streets where they had been reviled as protectors of Catholics. Catholic community leaders in Belfast reacted with a statement that the new Tory government in London had ordered the suppression of the Catholic population, as Tory governments had done for centuries.

A cordon-and-search operation along the Falls Road uncovered a motley collection of guns and ammunition. The Ulster Government said this proved the existence of an armed IRA underground. Falls Road residents said with some truth that the guns were kept by individuals for self-defense in case of a Protestant attack.

Nevertheless, the IRA was involved in both the guns and the shooting. Though it opened fire precipitously, and lost lives and weapons, the situation now is one it can exploit, particularly with stories of British Army brutalities passing from doorstep to doorstep on Catholic streets. The IRA is claiming its traditional role as the fighting arm of the Catholic community, and of the cause of united Ireland.

The organization in Dublin is headed now by left-wingers, who have come to think in terms of social issues rather than just the removal of the border. But IRA men in Northern Ireland are impatient, and the dominant wing here is the breakaway group known as the "provisionals," traditionalist, violence-orientated

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nationalists whose social views are reactionary or non-existent, and whom the others characterize as "green Tories."

Most working-class Catholics still don't hate the British soldiers who have been patrolling their streets amicably for the past year. But when shooting starts, they feel the tug of history. The IRA can move among the people of the Falls and the Bogside in Londonderry like Mao's proverbial guerrillas, as a fish swims in the water.

In recent weeks, several bomb explosions have blasted Establishment centers, like an army recruiting office and two banks. The IRA has disclaimed responsibility for these, and indeed, they may well be the work of some smaller republican splinter group. But few Protestants make the distinction. There have been bombs from the other side also, mostly planted in Catholic-owned pubs.

Prostestant resentments found an outlet in the Orange Day weekend of July 12, when there was a hard edge to the traditional parades and speeches, and the folkways that go with them.

Youngsters skipping alongside the parades sang out lustily the street songs in which hostility to Catholic neighbors is expressed as folklore, and so did the housewives in front of the traditional evening bonfires in the grimy slum streets. There was the unusually belligerent song to the tune of "Bless Them All" – "Damn all those Fathers and damn all those nuns, Damn all those Fenians and their Fenian sons . . ." and the newer and rousing "Follow, follow, we will follow Paisley, From Derry's walls, up the Falls, we will follow on. . . ." A scurrilous song about Bernadette Devlin was also popular with the youngsters.

When the Orange Day weekend passed off without the anticipated violence, the Ulster Prime Minister, James Chichester-Clark, hailed this as a victory for common sense. It would have been more realistic to see it as a victory for military security, with 18,000 heavily armed troops, and unarmed police, sealing off the celebrations from contact with Catholics.

The government refused calls for a ban on Orange Day parades this year. That would have been well-nigh impossible. But it banned the other big display of Protestant pomp and pride, the traditional August 12 procession in Londonderry, where the Catholics are a majority of the town's population. It did so by banning all parades until the end of the year.

There was an outburst of anger at this, and some Protestant organizations threatened to defy the ban on August 12. The potential for violence on both sides grows, against the authorities and against each other. There isn't enough common sense around to get Northern Ireland through the rest of the summer.

Norman Moss

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SALT Chips And Safeguard

by Ralph E. Lapp

The US Senate is now debating Phase II of the Safeguard anti-ballistic missile program. Phase I of this ABM effort squeaked through the Senate last year by the narrowest of margins and, anticipating another close vote, the Senate Armed Services Committee has pared back the program hoping that a more modestly priced system will win support.

In reporting out the authorization bill, Senator John Stennis, chairman of the Armed Services Committee, claimed that the new version of Safeguard would cost only $6.5 billion as opposed to $10.7 billion for the full system. In making this cutback the Committee has once more shifted its stance on ABM, this time abandoning the 12-site area defense system (including protection against Red Chinese missiles) in favor of a 4-site deployment of radars and missiles. These will be aimed at defending part of the Minuteman ICBM force against the threat of a first strike by the Soviet Union. Senator Stennis maintains that the missile defense of Minuteman is absolutely essential to the survival of the

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United States – a thesis held with equal fervor by Defense Secretary Melvin Laird who has based his case for Safeguard on the first-strike potential of the mighty SS-9 Soviet missiles, as projected to the mid-1970s. But Sen. Stennis and Safeguard backers make no secret of the fact that their strongest argument is that the ABM system is a cardinal bargaining chip in the SALT talks, which seek to limit strategic arms. Defeat Safeguard, Sen. Stennis argued on the Senate floor, and "We would have a situation where Congress would deny to our President the very item – the major item, I believe – of the bargaining arrangement."

In response to the bargaining chip argument, Senator J. W. Fulbright highlighted the illogic of the concept: "They say that this money is to be only for hard-point defense for missile sites for Minuteman; and the very same day in a different context, you have Dr. Kissinger, the principal adviser to and spokesman for the President, saying, 'We are considering restricting ABM to the defense of Washington if the Russians only want it for the defense of Moscow'." Ironically, the Washington ABM site is one abandoned in Phase II of the latest Safeguard plan. So it's difficult to see how a failure to fund Phase II this year has any chip-value at all. For that matter there is no ascribable value to either Phase I or Phase II since each now seeks only to defend Minuteman silos – and not to protect cities against atomic attack. The bargaining power of Phase II has to be related to the SS-9 and to further deployments of this offensive missile, but nothing coming out of the SALT talks at Vienna suggests such a deal.

Assuming, however, that the SALT agreement pointed to matching a Washington, D.C. ABM defense against the 64-Galosh missile system (ABM-1) deployed around Moscow, would this mean stopping work on the US sites planned to protect Minuteman? That's hardly a bargain that President Nixon could go for, especially since he has placed so much emphasis on the Soviet strategic threat to these Minuteman bases.

Encouraged by the one-vote margin of loss in last year's Safeguard vote, opponents of the ABM program had been eager to press for denial of further funds to Phase I ($1.0 billion) and new funds of $0.4 billion for Phase II. The former funds one site to defend Minuteman missiles at the Malmstrom Air Force Base in Montana, and a second site at Grand Forks AFB, North Dakota. Last year, in urging approval of funds for Phase I, Secretary Laird pleaded: "Let us deploy Phase I. Let us complete it. Let us finish it. Let us see how it works and after that decide whether to go ahead." This year the Pentagon, having gotten the camel's head under the tent, is trying to ram through at least a hump. Nothing has been completed in Montana or North Dakota; nothing works – but now the Defense Department summons forth Phase II to cram more short-range Sprint missile interceptors into the Montana-North Dakota sites, and seeks to establish a brand new Safeguard site to protect the Whiteman AFB in Missouri. This 3-site ABM system will cost $5.9 billion, plus $0.9 billion for nuclear warheads for a total of $6.8 billion. There's even provision in Phase II authorization for preliminary work on another ABM site for the Warren AFB in Wyoming – the other hump of the camel!

On July 31, Senators Sherman Cooper (R, Ky.) and Philip A. Hart (D, Mich.) revealed their ABM opposition strategy, when they introduced an amendment to prohibit any new ABM sites from being constructed – beyond the two authorized in Phase I. Their amendment allows addition of more Sprints to the Montana-North Dakota sites, and is aimed at countering the don't-steal-the-President's-chips argument. That has become the mainstay of the Safeguard case, as illustrated by Senator Stennis' admonition on July 30th when he summed up a pro-ABM speech: ". . . I warn again, as strongly as I can, that a vote in the Senate against the ABM means sudden death at this sitting, at least, of the SALT talks in Vienna."

The history of the ABM project is tortuous, but never has a weapons system's justification shifted so abruptly to a basis of arms limitation.

It's tempting for a critic of Safeguard to analyze the new crop of inconsistencies, sudden swerves and policy twists in the program, but such an exercise merely underlines the irrationality of the whole program. Rather than attempt to follow the switchbacks and U-turns of Safeguard evolution, it is prudent to direct an analysis to the cost effectiveness of Safeguard, assuming the 3-site system is built and that it works.

The key question to ask about the Safeguard system is: "How much does an ABM chip cost us – and how much will it cost the Soviets to match us?" Or, as Dr. John Foster, Jr., director of the Pentagon's research and development programs, put it: "– how much does it cost to add an extra defensive missile and how much to add an offensive missile?"

Dr. Foster gave his answer – $3 to $5 million for a US interceptor and $10 million for a Soviet attacking warhead. His chip cost is two or three to one in our favor. But he is also chief salesman for the Safeguard and as such he may be swept up in his own promotional zeal. Therefore, we shall examine the Safeguard system and make an independent assay of the chip cost.

First, let's look at our costs. To do this, we need to examine the US ABM system in some detail.

Phase I of Safeguard consists of the following hardware items for the Malmstrom and Grand Forks bases:

– One PAR (Perimeter Acquisition Radar) for long-

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range detection and tracking of hostile warheads.

– One MSR (Missile Site Radar) for directing missiles to intercept the detected incoming warheads.

– One battery of long-range Spartan interceptors designed primarily for area defense of the United States.

– Three batteries of short-range Sprint interceptors to back up the Spartans and to provide an active defense of the system radars.

The radars are the eyes of the Safeguard and they are also its Achilles' heel. Without electronic vision the giant missile system is blind and helpless to defend the Minuteman missile silos. Unlike the latter, which are underground silos built of reinforced concrete, the radars are ten times more vulnerable to a nuclear blast. As Defense Secretary Laird explained: "That is why most of our Sprint missiles will be deployed to provide protection for those MSRs."

In fact, Phase II of Safeguard adds four more Sprint batteries to the Montana and North Dakota sites to beef up the system. And in its initial version, Phase II sought to add ABM bases to protect the Whiteman (Missouri) and Warren (Wyoming) Minuteman fields. However, the Administration sensed the temper of the Senate and modified this deployment to include only the Whiteman site, reserving Warren for a future budget.

As it now stands, the Safeguard system will consist of 3 sites designed to protect 500 Minuteman missiles at a total cost of $6.8 billion. This figures out to be about $13 million to protect each Minuteman, but the figure is too low because there are fewer than 500 Sprints and Spartans in the system available to defend the silos. The Sprints are limited to defense of only one Minuteman squadron (50 silos) at a time.

If the Soviets target their attack on the weakest link in the Safeguard chain, they would aim to destroy the radars. Therefore, the number of interceptor missiles capable of fending off such an attack is the critical figure to use in calculating the cost of an ABM defense chip. The Pentagon refuses to disclose the number of Sprints and Spartans being produced in Phase I and II, presumbly to keep the Soviets in the dark. Disclosure of the number would strengthen the hand of Safeguard opponents who maintain that the system is too thin to provide a thick defense of a critical component like MSR. In any event, the Soviets will know the number soon enough when the Sprint-Spartan cells are constructed and made visible to orbital photographic inspection.

It will be assumed that the total number of killer missiles available for MSR defense is 100 per base or 300 for all three ABM installations.

Assuming that each killer interceptor knocks out one incoming warhead, we divide $6.8 billion – the system cost – by 300 to obtain a chip cost of $22 million for the defense. This figure is many times that given by Dr. Foster and is to be explained by the fact that he made only marginal allowance for radar costs and neglected the total systems cost. There is no military experience in the anti-missile field, although the use of surface launched missiles in attacking aircraft shows that it takes as many as 50 defensive missiles to knock out one aircraft. The one-for-one ratio that Dr. Foster assumes is a most optimistic forecast. Should it require two Sprints to kill off one warhead, then the chip cost escalates to $45 million apiece.

Dr. Foster has minimized the US chip cost; how valid is his $10 million estimate for the matching Soviet chip? Estimating Soviet costs is a perilous accounting practice, but we shall proceed by using the very same figures that Dr. Foster cites for Soviet weapons. These are $30 million for the monstrous SS-9 missile, which carries three 5-megaton warheads, and $10 million for the SS-11 missile which mounts a 1-megaton warhead.

Megaton-class warheads are essential for silo-busting – for digging Minuteman out of the ground – but they are overkill weapons when targeted on vulnerable radars. A warhead of one-tenth megaton delivered two-thirds of a mile off-target would destroy an MSR. Therefore the Soviets have a variety of offense options in staging an attack on Minuteman if they wish to knock out the ABM system. They could allocate a small number of SS-9s to a radar-busting attack, equipping these missiles with many 0.1-megaton warheads. These need not all be MIRVed, i.e., independently targeted reentry vehicles; they could be partly clustered warheads like those carried in our A-3 Polaris-submarine-launched ballistic missile. The US Poseidon missile, successor to Polaris, can mount a maximum of 14 warheads (MIRVs) per missile, so it is not unreasonable to assume that the much more massive SS-9 missile could carry twice as many warheads.

The Poseidonizing of the SS-9 was actually anticipated in the *Report on Military Spending* (to be discussed in a forthcoming article in *The New Republic*) released last month by Members of Congress for Peace through Law. This report put the cost of an SS-9 fitted with 20 warheads as $35 million. Thus each attacking warhead would cost about $2 million if allowance is made for launch failures.

A second Soviet option would be the employment of SS-11 missiles to carry, say, a cluster of five warheads. The Soviets have already deployed more than 830 of the SS-11s and allocation of a small fraction of these to radar-busting would make little impact on their inventory. They could also use the newer SS-13, a solid-fueled ICBM first deployed in 1968, to carry a multiple warhead. Such options would yield unit costs of about $2 million per attacking warhead.

Such offensive options are by no means far-fetched; they are within easy reach of Soviet technology and must be considered as realistic threats to

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Safeguard. The Soviets could also employ decoys in an attack on MSR, but we shall restrict the analysis to live warheads as stipulated by Dr. Foster.

The above reckoning gives the Soviets a unit cost of $2 million per warhead vis-à-vis $22 million for a US killer missile. That's an eleven-to-one cost advantage for the Soviet. My estimate and Dr. Foster's are widely divergent, differing by a factor of 22.

Senator Stuart Symington (D, Mo.), former Secretary of the Air Force, was much concerned with offense-defense cost ratios and subjected Dr. Foster to a barrage of barbed questions in the course of a Senate inquiry. Dr. Foster countered by saying: "The way to overcome your particular concern, Senator Symington, is to put in enough missiles for defense at half the price of the offense." But if the criterion used is correct, then there is something terribly wrong with the Pentagon's arithmetic.

The criterion used by Dr. Foster is backed by the Senate Armed Services Committee, for on page 21 of its authorization report we find: "The Committee accepts the view that the relevant criterion for the evaluation of a system of active defense is not the defense cost per Minuteman silo saved, or the relationship between the cost of the protection and the cost of the missile itself. It is, rather, a comparison of the cost of the defense to the cost of the offense to offset that defense." But the Committee provides no cost figures to support its case. Instead its chairman switches to a political base, namely, the President needs Safeguard as a bargaining chip at the SALT table.

Given the corkscrew course of the US ABM program, one may wonder if the bargaining chip argument is bona fide. If it is, then one may ask: How many bargaining chips do we need?

As will be shown in my critique of the MCPL (*Report on Military Spending*), the Administration is proceeding to aqcuire major strategic weapons systems – Minuteman III and Poseidon – whose chip value must impress the Soviets. Given the military worth of offensive missiles, the Soviets may be pardoned if they view Minuteman III and Poseidon as prime pieces on the strategic chess board and ABM as simply pawns.

Some Notes on Politics in The '70s

Strategy for Democrats

by Richard C. Scammon and Ben J. Wattenberg

Race It is neither likely nor proper, nor potentially profitable for Democrats in 1972 to nominate a candidate who would be, or would be perceived as, antiblack. Morality aside for the moment, any such candidacy would destroy itself on the rocks of credibility; the national party of Stevenson, Kennedy, Johnson and Humphrey will not be believed as a party advocating a go-slow-on-civil-rights policy; a party that attracted so much of the black vote in 1968 will not be perceived as the line on the ballot to voice antiblack sentiments, certainly not with a Republican and an American Independent also on the ballot.

What to do?

Stating the problem points toward its solution. Liberal Democrats must attempt to split off the Race Issue from the rest of the Social Issue.

This split-off of race from crime may not be as difficult as it seems. To begin, it is inherently a phony linkup. The Social Issue would be present in America if every black American vanished tomorrow morning. Campus disruptions, drugs, pornography, Vietnam dissent, the generation gap certainly are not caused by blacks. There would still be a crime problem without blacks – white crime rates are increasing, too. There are poverty and urban decay in inner-city neighborhoods that are neither black nor threatened by blacks, and there are middle-class whites who are distinctly unhappy when poor whites begin to move into a neigh-

A book by Mr. Scammon *and* Mr. Wattenberg, The Real Majority, *from which these notes have been taken, will be published shortly by* Coward-McCann Inc.

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borhood, "destroying property values." To some extent, then, blacks in America have become only a lightning rod that attracts white resentment over already existing problems.

If the Social Issue and the Race Issue are *not* the same, then Democrats, if prudent, should be able to remain a pro-civil-rights party without being an anti-law-and-order party or a pro-mugger party. The law-and-order issue can be finessed as it was in Detroit, Pittsburgh, and Seattle. Or it can be turned partially into a ping-pong issue working against the party in power: Republicans.

The rhetoric for such a position is not hard to imagine:

– Do *not* say, "Well, I don't agree with the Students for a Democratic Society when they invade a college president's office, but I can understand their deep sense of frustration."
– *Do* say, "When students break laws they will be treated as lawbreakers."
– Do *not* say, "Crime is a complicated sociological phenomenon and we'll never be able to solve the problem until we get at the root causes of poverty and racism."
– *Do* say, "I am going to make our neighborhoods safe again for decent citizens of every color. I am also in favor of job training, eradication of poverty, etc., etc."

. . . and so on. After each utterance, it is further suggested to add this rhetorical suffix: "and what have Richard Nixon and the Republicans done about it? Nothing!"

This is more than opportunistic political rhetoric. It is viable rhetoric because it is valid, and it should be a *Democratic* issue. If there is to be a political party in America deeply concerned about law and order, then by logic and history, it most certainly ought to be the Democratic Party.

– The law-and-order issue today is essentially a civil libertarian's issue and the question that must be asked is: What about the civil liberties of hardworking, crime-scared Americans today, black and white, many of whom happen to be *Democrats*?
– It is black *Democrats* who face the worst crime rates in America, and who have the most legitimate fears of mugging, rape, robbery, and drugs. It is white *Democrats* in inner-city neighborhoods – the so-called ethnics – who are also more than casually threatened by violent crime.
– It is *Democratic* intellectuals in all those colleges and universities whose way of life is disrupted, bulldozed, and brutalized by student anarchists.

That being "liberal" should equate with being soft on mugging or soft on disruption is absurd. In point of fact, being liberal *demands* a firm stand on freedom from fear in society. Democrats have made a major national issue of the "environment." Fine. Let them include in that position the key element of a decent urban environment: safety of the citizenry from the pollution of violence.

If Nixon's the One

If we assume that Mr. Nixon will be a candidate to succeed himself in 1972, as Harry Dent has announced, then it is fair to speculate about Nixon's merits as a candidate. Dent, a Nixon political lieutenant, told District of Columbia Young Republicans that things were going so well under Mr. Nixon's leadership that "I don't have much question now that his Administration will be in for two terms."

Mr. Nixon will be the incumbent; he will fly around in Air Force One; he will draw large crowds because he is President; he will likely have a united party behind him; he will create, or time, certain events for his own benefit; he will have a certain amount of political arm-twisting power because of his position – all to the good for Mr. Nixon.

But we know more about him, as well. He has, after all, run for President twice, and in neither instance did he get a majority of the vote. In neither instance did he demonstrate that he was a particularly devastating television personality. In the first year of his Presidency he has shown some improvement as a television performer, but not enough to make an observer think that he will build up the huge and intense personal sort of following that President Eisenhower or President Kennedy had. His popularity seems somewhat hollow, a popularity that is extremely vulnerable to a bad turn of events.

So, if we assume that Mr. Nixon will be the candidate of the Republicans in 1972, we can assume *only* that the Republicans will have a competent, well-known, centrist candidate – but that's all. Not an Eisenhower.

Mr. Nixon was perhaps described best by his English adviser on Vietnam, Sir Robert Thompson. After meeting with Mr. Nixon, Sir Robert remarked upon how good it was that America now had a "professional President." Strange phrase, that. Probably accurate. But is a "professional President," a super-civil servant, a GS 100, is that an appealing political image? Not very, we'd venture. If the Democratic candidate in 1972 is a man of the center, he may do very well on a personality versus personality contest.

Wallace

That Wallace will run in 1972 seems likely. That Wallace will move toward the center, toward the realities of political power in the seventies, seems obvious. But he can't really move far enough unless the character of the events of the seventies helps by moving the cen-

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ter toward him. If social turbulence and disorder, school problems, and riots deepen and intensify the Social Issue, Wallace might benefit from such circumstances, but even then only if *both* major parties were seen by the voters as mired deep in nonresponsive dogmas about these problems.

But the whole nature of American politics is responsive. Should the public attitude go so far as to come closer to Wallace policies or to what these policies may become, then in all probability one (or both) of the major parties will co-opt Wallace rhetoric or Wallace strategy. Mr. Agnew has already been called, pejoratively, a "white-collar Wallace," read as a "semidemagogue." Should the times and conditions demand it, some patriot in some party will step forward as a "white-collar Agnew," substantively in tune with an intensified Social Issue, but "nondemagogic," no doubt denouncing Wallace and Agnew while picking up their rhetoric.

In a very real sense it is because American two-party Presidential politics *is* so close to the people that Wallace's chances in the seventies seem dim. Wallace will likely be co-opted by the major parties. He personally will not likely be President. But because he may still carry many votes (10,000,000 in 1968), his electoral presence may well determine who the next Presidents are. The Wallace voter and the decrease or increase of Wallace voters may well be the kingmaking factors in the 1970s.

These votes are obviously an alluring target, particularly so for President Nixon, for we may recall that about seven of every ten Wallace voters would have gone for Nixon in 1968 had Wallace not run.

An alluring target, but a mixed blessing.

President Nixon might conceivably think of making a deal to keep Wallace from running, but then he'd think twice about it and realize that deals don't stay secret for long and that the spectacle of an American President dealing with a politician still perceived by many as a red-neck racist would undoubtedly cost more votes than it would gain. (In effect, Goldwater made such a deal with Wallace in 1964; Wallace was implored not to split the conservative vote. He didn't. Goldwater got 39 percent of the total vote.) Wallace, after all, drew only 46 electoral votes – about the number that California will have after the 1970 reapportionment of electoral seats that follows each decennial census. Nixon carried California by only 223,346 votes, a margin over Humphrey of 3.1 percent. In any attempt to win some of the five Southern Wallace states, Mr. Nixon must be very careful not to lose 112,000 votes in California, or perhaps his margin for error is a bit more if he can get some of California's Wallace vote. In New Jersey, a switch of 32,000 gives 17 electoral votes to the Democrats; in Illinois 68,000 switches provide 26 votes to the Democrats. Just let the voters feel that their President is trying to outbid George Wallace in the South, and watch those slim non-Southern pluralities melt all over the nation. Let Richard Nixon say he's going to run over a demonstrator with his car, and watch the seepage from voters who might well like to run over demonstrators with *their* car but would find such rhetoric unseemly from a President.

Furthermore, there is another, but very potent, reason to believe that Nixon will not deal with Wallace, nor will he try any number of cute political tricks that the strategists will conjure up. Presidents, strange as it may seem, are honorable men, honestly trying to do their best for the nation. This notion is apparently indigestible to large segments of the political press that find cabals and conspiracies beneath every press release. But in fact, being President places very real constraints on political operations. A *candidate* – some candidates and some tacticians anyway – can plot a nifty antiblack ploy that will allow Nixon to pick up Wallace votes. But Richard Nixon is not only a *candidate*, but a *President* running for reelection. And no President who is responsible is going to play the race-hatred game in the already tense racial climate in America. That may seem to some to be a naive view of the Presidency, but we submit it as a valid one, duly demonstrated by each of the recent Presidents in America: They do what they feel is in the best interests of the nation, even when it hurts them politically. Richard Nixon does not believe that turning back the clock on civil rights or that drumming upon antiblack sentiments is in the best interests of the nation. Accordingly, he will not so act.

The Young

Candidate Nixon vowed, in the argot of a man who forgot the argot, that he would "sock it to them." Yet, Nixon ended up as the man who allegedly appealed least to the young, turned-on college generation. He won the election.

There are two critical questions to ask about young voters when we think about their electoral impact. First: Can they by their votes actually elect anyone? Second: Can young people by their influence or activity get others to help elect a candidate?

To the first question we may answer: Few groups are as electorally weak as are young people.

There are many, many more people over thirty than there are between twenty-one and thirty:

PERCENT OF TOTAL VOTE, BY AGE, 1968

Age	*Percent of Total Vote*
Under 30	17%
30-64	68%
65 and over	15%

(US Census Bureau)

Furthermore, although, the rhetoric of the "kids" in 1968 dealt heavily with "participatory democracy," the cold fact is that young people eligible to vote are far

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less likely to participate than their elders:

ESTIMATED PERCENT OF ELIGIBLE POPULATION WHO VOTED, BY AGE, 1968

Age	*Percent Voted*
18-20*	
21-24	51%
25-29	60%
30-64	72%
65 and over	66%

(US Census Bureau)

In part, this lack of participation is accounted for by the difficulties encountered by first-time registration and absentee ballot voting for students and military personnel. But regardless of reason, they simply take less part in elections than do their elders.

Still, one of every six voters is under thirty. This, of course, could be vitally important in a Presidential contest *if* young people voted monolithically. Some groups in American political life do. Young people don't.

On the eve of the Presidential election, at a time when young people were pictured in the press as liberal, college-educated, dovish on Vietnam, pro-Kennedy, pro-McCarthy intellectuals:

VIETNAM – HAWKS AND DOVES (Self-identified)

	Under 30	*30-49*	*50 and over*
Hawk	45%	48%	40%
Dove	43%	40%	42%
No Opinion	12%	12%	18%

(Gallup, October, 1968)

Young people were *more* hawkish than the over-fifty generation.

Surveys of 1968 voting tell us that young people were also slightly more likely to vote for *Wallace* than older voters although they were also more pro-Humphrey. Obscured during the dramatic primary campaigns that pitted Senator McCarthy against Senator Kennedy was the fact that many young Americans were not for either one of them. It is too easy to forget that the hands which held the tire chains threatening Martin Luther King, Jr., when he marched to Cicero, Illinois, were young white hands. Being a young American apparently connotes nothing more than a chronological fact: Some are liberal, some conservative; some are of the right, some of the left; many are in the center. As a Daniel Yankelovich survey for Columbia Broadcasting showed in 1969, there is a much greater class gap between the attitudes of those young people in college and those not in college than there is a generation gap between young people generally and their parents.

The second question is harder to answer: Can young people, particularly the activist college youth, influence others voters? Are they a key electoral target for this reason?

That is certainly so, but it is a two-way street. When the McCarthy kids assembled thousands strong in New Hampshire and Wisconsin and rang every doorbell in sight, they showed that an ancient tactic of the Old Politics could be refitted and made to work on a grander scale. Door-to-door campaigning had been usually effective in the United States only when the candidate himself did it, typically in a local election. The idea of mounting a troop of 5000 clear-eyed, articulate, appealing campaign workers in a state the size of New Hampshire would normally have been unthinkable. Had such a political troop been raised in more normal times it would likely have consisted of middle-aged women beginning to sag and middle-aged men smoking cigars – and there would always have been the question of whether they would gain votes for their candidates or repel them. There was little question of the effectiveness of the "Be Clean for Gene" kids. They were effective campaigners.

Yet consider the two-edged sword of strong identification with activist youth. In the spring of 1968, the students of Columbia took over the campus; in April 1968, on the night of Martin Luther King's death, there was looting and burning in 100 cities, and Americans watched as (mostly young) black militants proclaimed their televised incantations about burning down a corrupt white society; in August 1968, young peace demonstrators shouting obscenities clashed with Mayor Daley's police. Rather suddenly, there was a legitimate question about "kidlash": Might not youth support be the kiss of death for any candidate who sought to appeal to the broad middle class of America?

The fact that youths today are more likely to be college-educated would not normally correlate to a more Democratic or more liberal electorate in the future. In the past, the more educated a voter, the more likely he has been to be affluent, and the more educated and affluent the voter, the more likely he has been to vote Republican and think conservatively. This happened even though the 1930s equivalents of the "kids" were radicals, agitators, Communists, or what have you. There would not seem to be any good reason for this pattern to change. Only a small percentage of the current college youth are categorized as "revolutionaries," 3.5 percent in the Yankelovich/CBS survey. Another 9.5 percent are categorized as "radical reformers." The balance, about 87 percent, are "moderate reformers," "middle of the road," or "conservatives," and there are, incidentally, slightly more "conservatives" than "radical reformers." In short, the college experience may be regarded as liberalizing, but not revolting. And doctors who will be making $60,000 a year in the 1970s or 1980s would not seem to be good bets to be throwing rocks through hospital windows.

* As of early 1970 only four states permit persons under twenty-one to vote: the voting age is eighteen in Georgia and Kentucky; nineteen in Alaska; twenty in Hawaii.

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By the decade's end a projection based on Census data reveals that only 10 percent of the electorate will be "young college graduates" (i.e., under age forty in 1980). Later on in the century, in the elections of 1984, 1988, 1992, 1996, the percentage of college-educated in the electorate will be rising substantially. But an interesting question arises: In the land of the one-eyed is the one-eyed king? When most people are college-educated, will the fact of college education mean much politically? Isn't it likely then that the elitist will not be the "college graduate," but perhaps the PhD, while the mere college graduates are relegated to the ranks of the unwashed?

The Radical Left

The ideal of confrontation politics, of confusing cops with pigs, of justifying riots, of sympathy for muggers and rapists, of support of the drug culture or the gay culture – seem to have an extremely limited constituency. Not only are these ideas thoroughly and totally rejected by an overwhelming majority of Middle Americans, but they are rejected by a large portion of their supposed natural constituency as well: blacks, Mexican-Americans, poor people, Jews, young people. The more radical aspects of the New Left are a psephological [electoral] fraud. It has no constituency worth counting. Furthermore, even sympathy for, let alone espousal of, those radical aspects can poison the well of any sincere candidate for public office.

This seems to leave the Radical Left with four basic choices:

Choice One: Back to the drawing boards. Rethink. Examine again the propositions; question the validity and justifications of radicalism versus the backlash it breeds. Take a deep breath of fresh air, and come up brainwashed – reconstituted as Old Liberals. An admittedly difficult choice.

Choice Two: Retain the radical beliefs, but sear into one's political soul the idea that they are psephological poison. Accordingly, clam up on the radical aspects of the Social Issue, and concentrate on making the best compromise possible with the Democratic center. The center of the Democratic Party supports most, if not all, of the nonradical substantive demands of the left. The issues of better housing, aid to education, low unemployment are not the exclusive province of radicals. Nor is integration a taboo issue. The center of the Democratic Party is receptive to demands for bettering the conditions of blacks in the United States. It is sometimes a difficult political issue these days, but not an impossible one.

Choice Three: Withdraw from major-party politics. Form a fourth party that is ideologically as pure as the driven snow, a party unwilling to compromise intellectually with the center of the national Democratic Party. Be prepared that such a fourth party will have a very limited appeal and won't elect anyone to anything and that it will probably split into several faction within three years. This choice is not offered facetiously. It is the choice that a peaceful man like Norman Thomas took, and Mr. Thomas eventually wielded great influence on political thought in America and lived to see many of his "radical" ideas enacted into law and become a beneficial part of American life. Remember, the center is a moving center and can be moved in many ways. The process of changing society does not always come about through the machinery of a political party power. It can come simply from the articulation of an idea whose time has come – or almost come – from a minor party or from no party at all. The Anti-Saloon League brought about Prohibition – but it was not a political party.

As a subvariant of Choice Three, a further choice is offered: Depoliticize completely. Perhaps politics is not the answer to the real problems that so much of the New Left is concerned with: alienation, identity, rootlessness, and the harsh fact that life is at least somewhat absurd. There is no denying that these are major human problems, but there is room to question whether there is any beneficial reason to clutter up major-party national politics with the distracting notion that living is not as easy as it seemed in high school.

It is unlikely that an extreme left party would meet with the same relative success that greeted the Wallace right. Because of the electoral college system, Wallace's strength in the South brought him electoral votes. An extreme left party would not be regional; would not, therefore, get any electoral votes; and would therefore be in a minimal bargaining position. (This would change in the event of the passage of a popular vote for President system.) Furthermore, unlike the Wallace situation, an extreme left party would take almost all of its votes from one party – the Democratic Party. If it ever got strong, then, it could only be a "spoiler" ensuring Republican victories. As a weak party, however, an extreme left party might be helpful to Democrats, by getting the crazies out of the tent, decreasing the identification of "Democrats" as "radicals."

A final possibility: If Senator McCarthy should be a fourth-party candidate he might try to go for the center rather than the extreme, attempting to bridge the Republican-Democratic gap. He had some Republican/surburban-type strength in 1968 and might try to take some of Nixon's vote and go for a 26 percent-type victory in a four-man race. It won't work. In a showdown, those Republican votes will stay with Nixon.

Choice Four: Become real revolutionaries; attempt violently to take control of the national government, or the campus, or the city hall. Prepare against the possibility of languishing in jail for long periods of time under extremely inhospitable surroundings, sure only that a movement toward "real" revolution will trigger "real" repression.

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Stanley Kauffmann on films

Borsalino

(Paramount)

The Movies as Medium

Selected, arranged, and introduced by Lewis Jacobs

(Farrar, Straus & Giroux; $8.95. Noonday paperback; $3.65)

Curious, the relation between Hollywood and the film-making of other countries. Before the Second War, the flow tended to be from them to us: the studios bought up foreign directors by the basketful and, even after sound, they imported foreign stars. It wasn't a one-way street, but Hollywood watched foreign films for people and styles and often remade foreign films. (Such as *Le Jour se Lève* by Carné-Viot-Prévert, transmuted into *The Long Night* with Henry Fonda.) There was some of that after the war, too (Kurosawa's *Seven Samurai* as *The Magnificent Seven*), but in general the flow of film-making influence seems to have been reversed; and it's interesting to see which country fixes on which Hollywood element. Japan makes monster pictures, Italy makes Westerns, France makes gangster movies.

Godard's *Breathless* – the most prominent example of the last – is really about the effect of the Bogart *persona*, rather than a straight gangster movie. But a new French film, *Borsalino*, is the thing itself – an attempt to recreate a Cagney-Bogart crime epic, and with a nice double view: the past 30 years never happened; on the other hand, the past 30 years give the film an ambience of affection.

This story of the rise of two young hoods in Marseilles in the early 1930s is like a gorgeous ballet danced to the memory of *Angels with Dirty Faces* and *The Roaring Twenties*. Jean-Paul Belmondo is himself, quizzical, sexy, strong; Alain Delon does a fine reproduction of George Raft, lacquered hair and all (the Cagney-Bogart reference is one of temper, not of specifics). The whole feeling is, figuratively, as if this were a lost film that had suddenly been discovered in the Warner Brothers vaults – for some mysterious reason made in French 30 years ago, with English sub-titles.

Remember these scenes (or their equivalents)? The first shot is Delon walking out the prison door in ill-fitting clothes, meeting two waiting pals. Then, in slick clothes, Delon and his pals go to the bar of the guy who squealed on him, and they set fire to it. Then he finds the guy (Belmondo) who took his girl while he was in stir, and they slug it out; and we know, as they punch each other against walls and over pool tables, that this is simply ritual, no one is being hurt, they are testing one another's mettle, and will end up friends.

As they do. The plot need not be detailed, but here are a few more recognition-points. Each of the major characters is given a character-tag: one gang chief is fat and wears a white hat, another is thin and carries a lap dog whom he feeds at table. There is plenty of shooting – including the obligatory bizarre setting, a wholesale meat market, with death among the beeves – and there is lots of veneration of that formerly sacred object, the tommy-gun. Hardly two consecutive minutes without blood, or explosions ripping the backs of jackets, or spinning and clutching of guts, but none of it painful, really, just part of violence-as-ritual. The fabulous quality is underscored at the close by the arbitrary way the story ends. It simply stops, and there is a note on the screen to tie it off – followed by a series of black-and-white stills from the color picture we have just seen. An album of snapshots from a film that was itself an album.

The screenplay is by Jacques Deray, who directed (well), Jean-Claude Carrière, who has collaborated with Buñuel, Claude Sautet, also a director, and Jean Cau. They all had fun. The picture owes considerable to a catchy tune by Claude Bolling which we first hear on a honky-tonk piano as part of the score, but is later used "inside" the picture on a phonograph and by a dance band. The clothes by Jacques Fonterey are magnificent – especially the suits for Belmondo and Delon, which epitomize a vulgarity that is by now endearing. The title refers, of course, to the famous Italian make of hat, which I suppose is being worn in the film, but this is never specified.

Two of the most tired words in film discourse are "camp" and "*hommage*." (They play around the edge of *Two Mules for Sister Sara*, reviewed last issue.) I wish, at the moment, that the terms were less tired. *Borsalino* takes off its hat to a popular art-form that was once done non-camp, and so becomes a sort of formal tribute, amidst the gore, to what the gat begat.

Lewis Jacobs, author of *The Rise of the American Film*, has produced a much-needed anthology in *The Movies as Medium*. There have been innumerable anthologies of film criticism and history and esthetic theory – Jacobs himself has edited two of them – but there have been few completely devoted to "the fundamental resources and processes of film expression," intended "to provide a storehouse of ideas about film technique and form which can furnish a framework for evaluating what one receives from different kinds of film" and, on this basis, to stimulate critical thought. In short, a conspectus of knowledge as an aid to the formation of individual taste. The only two previous books of this kind that I know are both British: *Footnotes to the Film* edited by Charles Davy (1937) and *Working for the Films* edited by Oswell Blakeston (1947). The former still has value but is dated; the latter is a sketchy handbook.

Jacobs includes judgmental material, but his emphasis is on information – in non-technical language for the general reader. His five main sections are Image, Movement (mostly of the camera), Time and Space, Color, and Sound, each section with an introductory article by Jacobs (himself a filmmaker). The book begins with a garland of short statements by directors, and it closes, in summation, with a section called The Plastic Structure.

Like every critic of every anthology ever published, I would have omitted some pieces and included others. But there is only one selection that I vigorously object to: Nicola Chiaromonte's "On Image and Word," which I have disliked since it was first published in *Encounter* in 1963. This is a dogmatic essay, superficially semiological, dismissive when it is not patronizing, which decrees that words are symbols but that photographs can only be signs. Therefore the film form cannot deal with serious or resonant matters, and

(Continued on page 34)

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Raymond Mungo: The Pump Don't Work 'Cause The Vandals Took the Handles

Going All the Way by Dan Wakefield

(Delacorte Press; $6.95)

Some harsh words on the state of the heterosexual American male: the last great unorganized oppressed minority: who is supposed to be the oppressor. Pale white and slightly pasty in complexion, he marches around in a getup which everyone else has to laugh at; freaks, spades, chicks, little children, old coots, ladies, madmen, poets, students, and all the apocalyptic sensibilities of the street, all the "horses of the stern moon" find his shirt and tie and polished shoes unbearably funny, here is a cat trying to pretend something big isn't happening, trying to keep on at business as usual. Clearly, he ain't gonna make it. He is helpless and puny, he depends on the expensive and sometimes resentful services of many: telephone operators and gas pumpers down to porters, plumbers and accountants. He is indecisive and insecure, cannot command an unwieldy situation, a sure loser. He is in decline, no doubt about it.

The homosexuals are getting organized, parading down streets. Everybody knows all homosexuals have something in common, and a common paranoia, so they stick together. Heterosexual white men: they *compete* with each other. That's how they express it, their masculinity or whatever it is. But the age frowns on competition: the age, considering its own political and ecological urgencies, says only *cooperation* can save us from sure material doom. White hetero doesn't know this yet: he is still driving around in a Coogar Sting Ray getting 8 miles to the gallon of premium gas. He is a damn fool, who would get us all killed were he allowed to continue his reckless path, and propagate his kind. His decline may well be some kind of incomprehensible balance of nature, gearing for survival, at work. Certainly, thought waves are passing through thin air and assaulting millions of heads at a moment – unassisted by media, books, telephones, and the like – and the quality of life on this part of the planet is changing dramatically.

What is left for a guy too hung up to have a good healthy orgasm? Go to a shrink. Marriage breaks up, genetic family structure not far from completely gone in America. New families, hippie communes call 'em, some older folks too, spring up like ports in a storm. White hetero hippies no better off than other white hetero men in far-gone matriarchal society, but at least they're still trying. To recognize and demolish their inhibitions and bonds. Learn to live again, give and take in sexual union, recognize the balance of masculine and feminine in everyone. No reason, not ever, to be ashamed, no fear of ridicule or failure. Redefine standards of success: all standards of value in fact.

We only want to be what we *are*, only demand surcease of neuroses rising from unnatural cultural molding. Use our penises as instruments of love, not war. It's simple. How could we ever have believed otherwise?

Yet the wall between a man and the simple enjoyment of his body is made of formidable stuff. Friends of mine have literally died of shame and self-devised "failure." Who among us is really free of the syndrome? Some of the stuff in the wall is in this novel by Dan Wakefield, which is all about a guy named Sonny who can't make it. Sonny comes home from the Korean War and starts chumming with this ex-high school hero named Gunner; what they're up against, their mothers and jobs and apartments and cars and religions, is all slightly incredible to me, now – yet it is real and inescapable in our experience. The book throws an unbearably harsh light on the sources of our impotence, and is unbearably, exquisitely painful.

The book shows the problem all right, but offers no help. Sonny is always and never "beginning" his "real life." If there is a seed of some future liberation in him, it is hard to find. It hurts, a lot, to know Sonny and want to help him and somehow always know he's a lost cause. There's nothing you can do: you got enough problems of your own. The book is not for the weak of stomach, not for anyone who isn't prepared to look the desperate mess straight in the eye, nor for someone who's already gotten beyond it. Yet it exposes the disease so truthfully and pitilessly that we can hope the many who find themselves in Sonny may, by despising him, lift themselves up out of him. Dan Wakefield himself probably hates Sonny.

It's fair to say Wakefield has never written a better book than *Going All the Way* (it's his first novel); and maybe nobody has written of the sex life of the American male in the 1950s as well as this. It remains for me to decide (I can't) whether it was worth the misery, to me, of immersion in the cosmic problem, or whether I'd have fared better leaving my father's (and, by

Dancing Poem

Been up since daybreak
Watching the trees
Dance

They have
Ants in their pants.

John Pauker

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heredity and environment, my own) problems where they are lying – in the past. Anyway, it's a heavy book and if you're the kind that reads new books, you'll surely read it and see what I mean.

Otherwise, all I have to say about the big penis dilemma is that it isn't there – if you don't think so. Whatever you think you are, you *are*, there's no doubt of that. My program is to go around telling people they're great whenever I can: charming ineffectual flower-child philosophy, you may freely accuse, but since I *believe* in it, it's perfect. Don't worry about your penis, brother, and it'll take care of itself. You're *great*, you're Christ and Buddha, they all want you and it's the measure of your greatness that you can give 'em what they want. You're big enough to cheerfully appear little, and your pleasure is in giving, not taking. You're limitless and divine, and your energy can never be destroyed.

Now, go to it.

Music

Echoes From the East Garden Court

In September, the National Gallery of Art will initiate its thirtieth season of concerts, and in any city but Washington, this would be news. But the hundreds of reporters and correspondents based in Washington are not there to cover the cultural life of the city, and many newsmen who wouldn't recognize art if you hit them over the head with it are convinced that, where they live, it doesn't exist.

Many years ago, when I was working for *The New Republic*, I asked a young reporter who had been with *Time* in San Francisco, why it was that the world premiere there of an important piece of music – I had in mind Andrew Imbrie's violin concerto – would get coverage from *Time*, where a similar event taking place in Washington would not. He pointed out, and it should have been obvious, that the premiere of the concerto was the only thing that happened in San Francisco that week that could conceivably be of interest to the general reader. But in Washington, there is always something else going on which is far more newsy. One week in April of 1961, the Pan American Union sponsored a festival of new music in the District of Columbia that included the first public performances of Aaron Copland's Nonet, Ginastera's piano concerto, a symphony by Henry Cowell, a cantata by Roy Harris, and several dozen pieces, some of them quite good, by composers whose names are not as well-known as these. So far as the national press was concerned, all this did not take place. That was the week of the Bay of Pigs, and *that* was news.

This is the climate in which the musical life of the city exists. It is an unusual life in that, in addition to the star-studded series of concerts and recitals that are virtually identical throughout the country – Elisabeth Schwarzkopf in recital, Artur Rubinstein playing a standard concerto with the local orchestra – there are three series that are ambitious, that have achieved the status of institutions, and are free, or almost free. At the Library of Congress, there is a charge of twenty-five cents for tickets procured in advance. At the Phillips Collection and the National Gallery, you just walk in.

The National Gallery concerts are under the direction of Richard Bales, as they have been from the beginning. From this distance, it would seem that, if what the National Gallery wanted was a major concert series, the directors were out of their minds in 1941 when they gave the responsibility for creating it to a green kid just out of Juilliard. My guess, however, is that nobody, including Bales himself, had any very clear idea of what they were doing. It was war time. The city was suffering a crippling invasion from thousands of people who had to move to Washington and found, on arrival, that there was no place to live. Free concerts at the Gallery on a Sunday night would give at least a few of these people something to do.

Bales must have been insecure about the future. He was trained as a com-

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poser, but it was as a conductor that he could most likely expect to make a name for himself. He was a Koussevitsky protegé of the generation of Leonard Bernstein and Walter Hendl. Whatever his plans were, they could not have included being the impresario of a concert series that did not then exist or the conductor of an orchestra that he would have to create.

The concerts take place in the East Garden Court of the Gallery, a room not designed for concerts and not suitable for them. It is an acoustical horror, so over-resonant that music of any great intricacy is swallowed up in it. Then, too, it is a garden. The spaces where the best seats in the house would be are occupied by plants and an enormous fountain. You would not expect to find concerts there. But the next one – the season begins on the last Sunday in September – will be the 1199th.

As the series has evolved it has grown to include recitals, orchestra concerts, and an annual festival of American music. The recitals, which make up slightly more than half of the yearly schedule, are not uniformly exciting, but they serve a valuable social function. In the ecology of the profession it is imperative for young performers to collect favorable press notices and this is why people go to great expense, far more than most of them can afford, to rent a big hall in New York. This is a mockery, since the recitals are not attended. But until a few years ago, you could rent Town Hall for a thousand dollars and for that would get reviewed in *Musical America, the Musical Courier, The Herald Tribune* and *The New York Times*. All of these journals but one have died.

In Washington, both of the big newspapers have a policy, from which they rarely deviate, of covering the major concert series and of sending critics who, whether they are any good or not, are highly trained in music. A performer runs the risk of being unjustly clobbered in one paper or the other, but the chance of receiving at least one favorable notice is reasonably good. And, as opposed to a New York hall, the National Gallery pays the artist. Not much, but something, as does the Phillips Collection. For these reasons and more, Washington is an attractive town to hit. Both institutions are booked solid for more than a year in advance, mostly with young artists who have not yet made their reputations.

The recitals are usually exhibition programs – a little something from the 18th

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century, a Beethoven sonata, something romantic, something modern but bland. It is difficult to achieve real distinction using this formula, and only one or two of the recitals each year are memorable. Sometimes, owing to the tricky acoustics, the performers get rattled and don't do their best. But the standard is high and almost always maintained.

The National Gallery Orchestra appears once and sometimes twice a month during the season and is unusual in that it is made up of professional musicians who do not make their livings from their association with the orchestra. This means that Bales cannot import players and has to take what is available. Sometimes God is good, sometimes not. At present, for instance, Bales has a great virtuoso flutist from a nearby university. In a city the size of Washington, there are never quite enough professional cellists to go around and, at one time or another, the Gallery orchestra has been stuck with some bad ones. This, combined with lack of adequate rehearsal time, affects the programming policy of the house. Bales tends to select pieces that can be prepared with very little rehearsal and are not well-known.

A program last season, which though it was not typical, will serve as an example, consisted of just two pieces – a symphony by Ignaz Pleyel, a composer roughly contemporary with Haydn, and the Third Symphony of Bruckner. The Pleyel turned out to be a captivating piece of 18th-centuryana that you wouldn't hear in a lifetime of concert-going; the Bruckner, which I had never heard, was one of those missing masterpieces of the romantic era, every bit as profound and mature as Bruckner's better-known symphonies.

At a time when the big symphonies have become so expensive that they are faced with extinction, the example of a good, small low-budget orchestra could be instructive. The Gallery orchestra is supported by foundation money, but it is the sort of an orchestra that would be an ornament to any small city, and could conceivably be supported by taxpayers' money. It may well be the prototype of the symphony orchestra of the immediate future.

For the last 27 seasons, the Gallery has been the scene of an annual festival of American music. The quantities of music performed have been staggering: 881 pieces by 312 composers. One hundred and twenty-four of these have been world premieres, 57 of them composed for these concerts. These programs have been extraordinarily wide in their range. Both as composer and a conductor, Bales is conservative in his tastes. He likes Ives, and gave the world premiere of the Ives First Symphony on the Festival in 1953. He likes Aaron Copland in his popular phase, and composers associated with the Eastman School of Music. He likes forgotten 19th-century composers.

But the soloists and chamber music groups he has engaged have programmed works in almost all contemporary styles. The Festival is, I believe, unique. There is certainly no place else where such a thing is an annual event.

All these concerts are broadcast. It is a pity that some network doesn't take them up so the whole country could hear them.

Robert Evett

Remember, Mr. Brucker?

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ROBERT EVETT, *former literary editor of* The New Republic *and* Atlantic, *is a composer.* RAYMOND MUNGO'S *current book is* Famous Long Ago *(Beacon Press)—reviewed in* TNR *June 13. He lives in a commune in Vermont. Washington poet and translator* JOHN PAUKER *works for USIA.*

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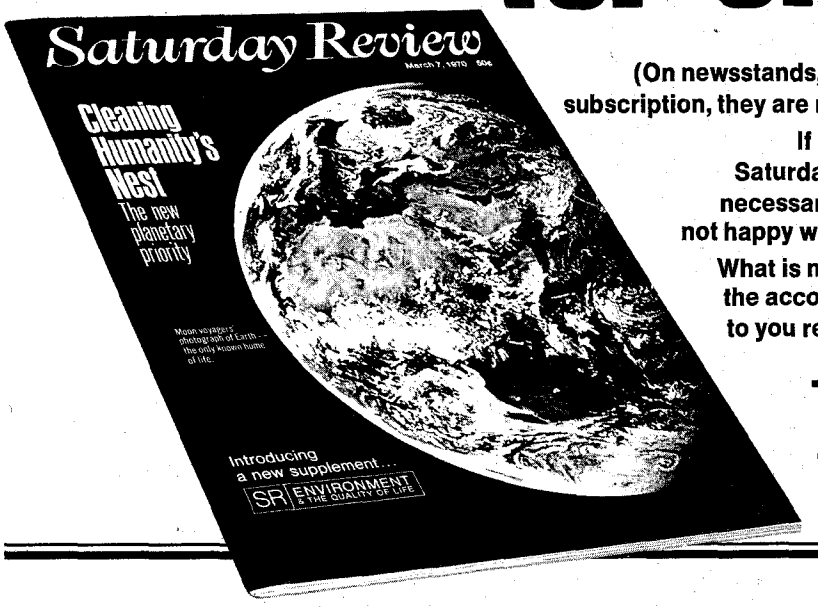
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Television

Its Own Thing

The drama as she is drammed on TV is more various than most of us cynics care to admit. It draws upon the complete past of the film (exception: the widescreen extravaganza). It draws upon the conventions of comedy and soap opera on the radio. And of course it does its own thing too. If it has a thing of its own.

What *is* its own thing? *Live* drama, that is, drama like the Army-McCarthy hearings in the '50s (those hearings really got TV into the live drama business), and the political conventions. Sports too can be classified as live drama – except wrestling. The case of wrestling serves to point up what live drama is; wrestling is a fake, and live drama is real; it is not a contrivance, it is not somebody's work of art. In this sense live drama isn't merely flesh and blood acting, as on B'way.

The excitement of this kind of live drama is that nobody knows what is going to be said next and how things are going to come out. The danger of live drama is the same: real live drama may produce something the producers don't expect or want – obscenity, subversion, slander, any amount of embarrassment for those who would like to keep TV as good clean fun. One doesn't find sponsors for materials one has no control over. The commercial wonder of art is that it can be *made* into something sponsorable.

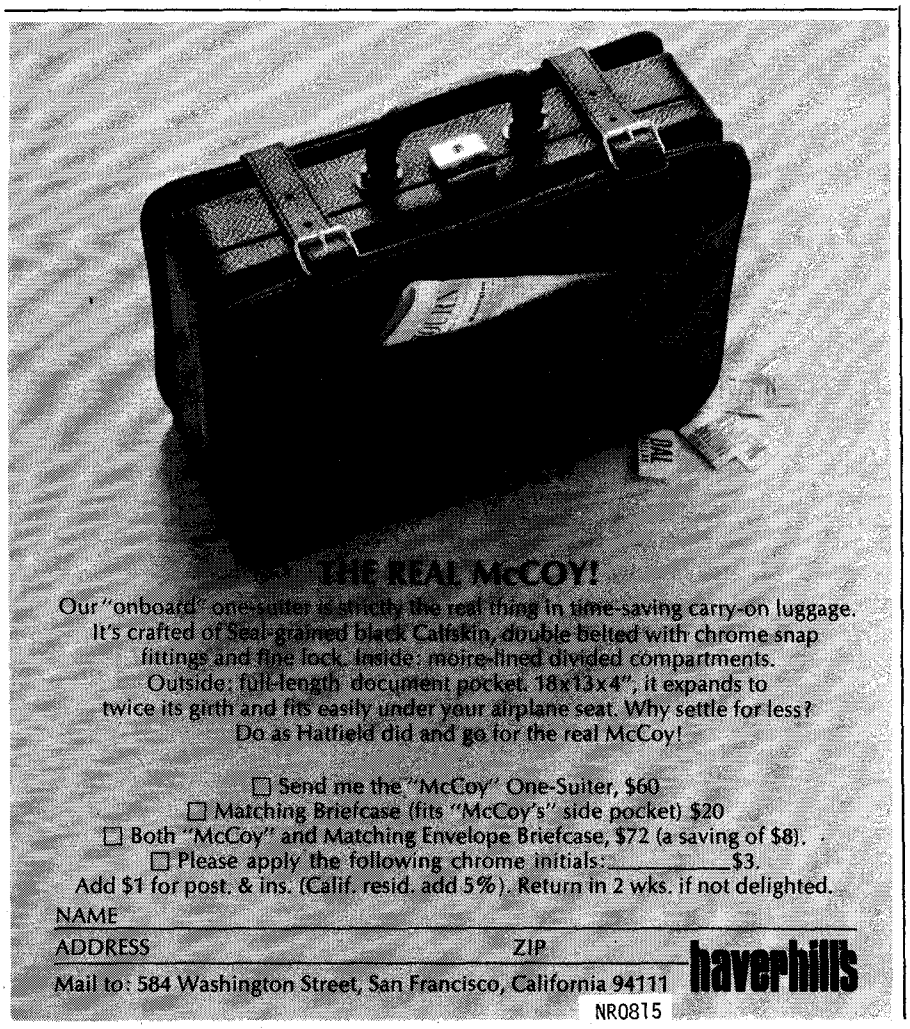
Of course live drama can be dull too. The drama of life on the corner of Pennsylvania Avenue and 14th street can produce hours and hours of absolute eventlessness. Sponsors don't like that either. That is why they head for sports. Sports is live drama which is nonetheless controlled; it fits a pattern; it has a beginning, middle and end, etc.

TV ought to get over its fear of the really live. Its future (for better or worse – and there will be a lot of worse) lies with reality, and it must learn how to cope with it under a variety of conditions. A hearing, a convention, a trial (yes, maybe TV will get inside a courtroom sometime) – these events TV is now ready for, and the problem is largely one of expanding TV's coverage of such affairs, particularly the coverage of local affairs of this nature. But beyond such events – which have after all a measure of conventional artistry about them, in that they are conducted under reasonable rules of decorum except when the Black Panthers or somebody decide to break those rules – there remains the unexplored world of the completely unplanned: the street corner sort of thing.

Now what can be done on a street corner (the public place) or in a parlor (the private place) that does not on the one hand infringe upon the rights of privacy of individuals, and on the other make for something even duller than street corners and parlors usually are? The main rule we have at the moment – but not the only rule we will have to have – is that one choose interesting street corners and parlors. NET is doing a sort of street corner show every afternoon now for two hours on some stations; it is broadcasting the stock market reports. This is of some possible interest to a few thousand speculators, but is otherwise not to be recommended. But why stop with the stock markets? There are department stores, food markets, welfare offices, license bureaus, banks, bars, hotels, not to mention city halls, campuses, the Congress, the State Department, the Pentagon, the UN and Coney Island. Public places.

If an enterprising network were to plant cameras and cameramen in front of a few key doorways, or next to the cash registers, or just beside the coppers in such places, and monitor them, something of interest would show up *somewhere* regularly – a public person for an interview, the juxtaposition of congressman and lobbyist unexpectedly, a bit of picketing, animals and children at the zoo, rain descending on bus-stops at rush hour, confusion at a plane ticket counter. Perhaps the results would be mostly the usual sort of slice-of-life that lacks continuity and therefore drive; yet one never knows what will occur until the cameras are there for the life to be in front of.

One can't plan for assassinations, for example. And if the possibility of extensive enough monitoring to catch such events seems frivolous, think of the spectacle of our vast journalistic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army huddled, right now, in just a few places in the world – at the White House, at an important hearing or trial, at a ballgame, at the site of the moon shot – these places are almost equally uninspiring as a source of *continuing* live drama. One can't expect the White House or the ballgame to produce, every hour on the hour. Planting cameras around in *lots* of strategic sleeper places, and monitoring them wouldn't cost much more than glueing the journalists to the predictable.

So much for public places. Monitoring specific private places is tougher. In fact the dangers of TV as an invader of privacy in parlor or bedroom serve to remind us of the dangers to privacy of public TV as well, for obviously street corner live drama can invade privacy too. The private thing begins as candid camera but ends as *1984*, where big brother has everybody monitored all the time. There is live drama indeed.

Yet somewhere between *1984* and the canned stuff we have now, there's room for experiment. How much room? I hear a cynic saying 14 years.

Sedulus

Communication

Reply to Galbraith

The proposals Professor Galbraith outlines in your June 13 issue are sufficiently interesting, and his tone is (typically) sufficiently shrill to merit a substantial response.

Galbraith wants to unhorse all those legislators who want the United States to play the role of "universal gendarme and Communist hunter." If this is his objective, he can retire to his chalet in Gstaad, Switzerland, forthwith and write another book about the perils of affluence. I know of no senators who want the US to play the role Galbraith describes. But let us press deeper into the causes of Galbraith's depression.

Galbraith is depressed by the fact that considerable power in Congress is controlled by what he calls "the committee mandarinate," and that turns out to be committee chairmen, many of whom do not agree with Galbraith about the politically true, good and beautiful.

The Professor suggests three solutions to this terrible problem.

The first "and most conservative" is to disregard seniority and have an election between a liberal and a conservative for each committee chairmanship. The Speaker of the House and the Majority Leader in the Senate would pick the two candidates. This raises a number of questions, three of which are: (1) Does the Professor think that the criteria of "liberalism" and "conservatism" are sufficiently objective and noncontentious that this would be feasible? (2) If not, does the Professor think that the Speaker and the Majority Leader can be counted upon to interpret these categories in a manner acceptable to the Professor? (3) Why does the Professor's obvious passion for participatory democracy not extend to an attack on the powers of committee chairmen?

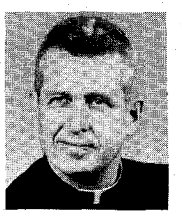
The Professor's second and "practical" solution is for all congressmen and senators who are "serious" about "peace and racial decency" to vote for those Republicans as committee chairmen to replace those Democrats who do not interpret the public will and national interest the way the Professor prefers. The success of this proposal would depend on the truth of the assumption that "the Democrats would abandon the Southern warlords and white supremacists before they would abandon power to the Republicans." The Professor says this proposal is less "romantic" than his third proposal, but more about that in a moment.

Suffice it to say that this proposal fails on two grounds. First, the assumption is almost certainly false. Second, the assumption would never be tested because it would require very substantial blocs of what, for want of a better name, we shall call Galbraithians in both Houses of Congress, and it would require close cooperation between them. The Professor does not venture a guess as to how many votes he would count now, or how many will be hatched in November. His reticence on this point is eloquent.

The Professor's third and "more romantic" plan is for the Galbraithian Bloc to caucus before the party caucuses and threaten to vote for whichever party puts up the most attractive slate of candidates for chairmanships. Again, given the likely attendance at this early caucus, it is hard to underestimate the terror this threat would pose to the vast non-rebellious majority in Congress. Galbraith says that this proposal is "impractical" and I cannot imagine a more convincing appraisal.

The real solution to the Professor's problem is so simple, and straightforward that one does not need a Galbraith Doctrine of Social Reconstruction in order to discover it. If he is

Father Philip Berrigan tells it from his cell.



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weary of the Democratic Party and its predictable committee chairmen, let him perform an act of radicalism which would be wondrous to behold. Let him vote Republican, and let those legions whose votes follow his guidance do likewise.

Of course Professor Galbraith will not be content with committee chairmanships that will result when the Republicans organize the Senate next November. Consider the following data, which lists current committee chairmen and their most recent ADA ratings, and *one possible* line-up of Republican committee chairmen and their ADA ratings:

Committee	Present Chairman	ADA	Future	ADA
Space	Anderson (N. Mexico)	44	Curtis (Nebraska)	0
Agriculture	Ellender (Louisiana)	17	Miller (Iowa)	17
Appropriations	Russell (Georgia)	17	Young (N. Dakota)	6
Armed Services	Stennis (Mississippi)	6	Smith (Maine)	33
Banking & Currency	Sparkman (Alabama)	11	Tower (Texas)	0
Commerce	Magnuson (Washington)	78	Cotton (N. Hampshire)	17
DC	Tydings (Maryland)	89	Prouty (Vermont)	39
Finance	Long (Louisiana)	0	Bennett (Utah)	6
Foreign Relations	Fulbright (Arkansas)	67	Aiken (Vermont)	56
Government Ops.	McClellan (Arkansas)	11	Mundt (S. Dakota)	6
Interior	Jackson (Washington)	78	Allott (Colorado)	6
Judiciary	Eastland (Mississippi)	0	Hruska (Nebraska)	6
Labor and Pub. Wel.	Yarborough (Texas)	78	Javits (New York)	100
PO & CS	McGee (Wyoming)	39	Fong (Hawaii)	33
Public Works	Randolph (W. Virginia)	78	Cooper (Kentucky)	50
Rules	Jordan (N. Carolina)	6	Scott (Pennsylvania)	56

The average ADA rating for the current Democrat chairmen is 38.7 The average for the future GOP chairmen is 26.9. I should say two things. I for one do not accept the ADA catechism as a reliable index of liberalism. And a Senator's overall ADA rating often does not accurately reflect the performance of the Senator in the area of special concern to his committee.

Still, I think one thing is clear. Neither the Democrats nor the Republicans are pleasing to the ADA. This is, among other things, a sign of national health. It is also proof that Professor Galbraith and kindred spirits should quit looking for parliamentary gimmicks to inflate their minority position into a powerful force. The unadorned truth is that the American people do not want and, consequently, do not send to Congress men whose views conform to the Galbraith Vision of a Rational America.

I cannot conclude this response to Professor Galbraith without addressing myself to the tone and substance of his argument for new political alignments. Galbraith practices the Charles River Variant of that old phenomenon, McCarthyism. Those with whom the Professor disagrees are not merely mistaken, they are parliamentary lapdogs of the Pentagon. They suffer from "a knee-jerk response to the military establishment." They are unwavering spokesmen for the military. These people are not to be confused with those who consistently vote the preferences of those who agree with the philosophy the Professor espouses. These are not knee-jerk lapdog spokesmen for the ADA. Rather, they are creative statesmen seized with republican virtue. Of course all this is a tiresome, transparent semantic game which I should have thought readers of *The New Republic* would find distasteful.

Professor Galbraith, as is his wont, only interrupts his name calling long enough to venture one statement of hard fact, and the results are not such as to encourage future such departures. (He describes the District of Columbia, as "the nation's greatest urban concentration of black citizens," which, were *The New Republic* widely read on Chicago's South Side, would occasion widespread laughter. At the time of the 1960 census the black population of Chicago was 812,637, compared with 411,737 in Washington, D.C.).

The Professor also wants the United States to escape from "the superpower syndrome." This is an item from the Professor's inexhaustible inventory of social diagnoses. Its precise meaning is not self-evident, and the Professor does not see fit to make the general reader privy to it. Perhaps readers of *The New Republic* are supposed to understand this jargon; perhaps they are supposed to hold their peace and nod affirmatively when such jargon is dispensed. I am left to puzzle as to whether Professor Galbraith would prefer we were not a superpower; or thinks we are not; or should not be; or should follow his advice and cease to be.

Galbraith wants to reestablish civilian control over foreign policy and the military budget. Let us take these one at a time.

Who does he think controls foreign policy today? Perhaps there are Faceless Militarists who function in the Professor's cosmology the way the Gnomes of Zurich function in other conspiracy theories of history. Who does the Professor want to control foreign policy? Surely not the State Department; the Professor has never been bashful about broadcasting his derision of that Department. Readers will be pardoned for assuming that he wants more control vested in the Presidency. But that deathless doctrine has gone the way of all flesh. Thus summer's eternal verity is that Congress should control foreign policy. The only thing more puzzling than the Professor's tergiversations on this subject is the fact that he has not considered turning foreign policy over to the Supreme Court.

Now about establishing civilian control over the military budget. At the risk of being deemed a reactionary, I would like to inject some grubby facts into the vestal purity of the Professor's thinking. First, these are the facts about the way Secretary of Defense Laird – a demonstrable civilian – has reduced the military percentage of the budget:

Fiscal Year	Dollars for Defense	% of Federal Budget
1960	$45.9 billion	49.8%
1961	47.4	48.8%
1962	51.1	47.8%
1963	52.3	46.9%
1964	53.6	45.2%
1965	49.6	41.9%
1966	56.8	42.2%
1967	70.1	44.3%
1968	80.5	45.0%
1969	81.2	44.0%
1970	79.4	40.1%
1971	73.6	36.7%

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The following are the facts about the nondefense origin of increases in the Federal budget during the last decade:

1960-1968
Government Spending Non-Military & Military

1961	$ 97.8 billion
1962	$106.8 billion
1963	$111.3 billion
1964	$118.6 billion
1965	$118.4 billion
1966	$134.6 billion
1967	$158.2 billion
1968	$178.8 billion

Non-Military Spending

1961 – $50.4 billion
1962 – $55.7 billion
1963 – $59.1 billion
1964 – $65.0 billion
1965 – $68.9 billion
1966 – $77.9 billion
1967 – $88.2 billion
1968 – $98.3 billion

Total Increase: $47.9 billion. Up 95 percent.

Military Spending

1961 – $47.4 billion
1962 – $51.1 billion
1963 – $52.3 billion
1964 – $53.6 billion
1965 – $49.6 billion
1966 – $56.8 billion
1967 – $70.1 billion
1968 – $80.5 billion

Total Increase: $33.1 billion. Up 70 percent.

Finally, some additional information about the defense resources.

THE TREND OF DEFENSE RESOURCES
Constant Dollars in Fiscal Year 1971 Prices (Billions of Dollars)

	Fiscal Years			
	Prewar 1964	Peak VN War 1968	1971	Change 1968-1971
Defense Budget	$ 66.8	$ 89.1	$ 71.8	$−17.3
Other Federal Programs	87.2	117.2	135.6	+18.4
Intra-government	−3.6	−5.1	−6.6	−1.5
Total	$150.4	$201.2	$ 200.8	$ −.4
Gross National Product	$755.8	$914.0	$1,020.0	
Percent Defense Budget to GNP	8.8%	9.7%	7.0%	−2.7%
Percent Defense to Total Federal Budget	43.4%	43.2%	34.6%	−8.6%

July 8, 1970

One cannot help but notice the complete absence of data in the Professor's argument. I am reluctant to believe that American liberals are content with such vacuous theorizing. It does not constitute a solid case for reform of anything.

If the reforms Galbraith wants were achieved, would he be happy? I doubt it.

Readers will recall that the seniority system became entrenched in the House as a result of a successful liberal assault on the powers of the Speaker around the turn of the century. Now we are told that the seniority system stands between the Republic and bliss.

Again, the elephantitis of the Presidency is a contagion contracted from the Democrats. Galbraith, and his fellow hired pen, Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., have labored tirelessly for three decades to bring about an ever more powerful Presidency. (Of course in undertaking to improve upon the balance struck by the Founding Fathers, they were sustained by belief about political facts that was more important than all the theories they concocted: they believed that the Democrats would only take short and infrequent sabbaticals from the White House.) The seniority system and the expanded Presidency are, simultaneously, triumphs and aggravations for liberal "reformers." One can hardly suppress the suspicion that giving a reformer a victory is like giving a toddler a handgrenade. Neither gift is in the long term interests of the recipients.

Of course Galbraith has had some experience with the waywardness of current events. Professor Galbraith is in the running for the Millard Fillmore

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Political Effectiveness Trophy. Readers will remember Fillmore had problems with parties disintegrating under him. Galbraith, when not pioneering a new literary form (the magazine article book), divides what must be his copious spare time between making Harvard what it is today (of diminished stature) and making the Democratic Party what it is today (of diminished strength). The latter is a service to his country for which a grateful nation will honor him when the last copy of *The Affluent Society* has been remaindered. Galbraith lashes Congress for tolerating a "gerontocracy." It appears the "youth movement" may have the same problem.

Galbraith, 61, speaking for the young, tells us that young people think "that the Establishment is not serious." There are many of us who, upon reading that, and upon reflecting that Professor Galbraith is a member in good standing of the Establishment, feel renewed respect for the judgment of young people.

Gordon Allott
United States Senator

Kauffmann, *from page 22*

nothing proves this better than films that attempt to do so. (Chiaromonte never mentions painting, and never engages the complex question of whether the images in painting are or are not as limited as photographs.) The essay is a sour gripe by a literary man who seems more frightened than convinced and, even as a polemic stimulant in a book such as this, it is weak.

Some highlights among the twenty-seven pieces: Gregg Toland's "Composition of the Moving Image," particularly interesting since it comes from the master cinematographer who did *Citizen Kane;* "Coming to Terms with Color" by William Johnson, which, since it appeared in *Film Quarterly* four years ago, has seemed to me the very best statement on its subject; and Jonas Mekas' "The Other Direction," remarks on the avant-garde film in which Mekas is as fervent as ever and more lucid than usual.

A helpful book, with good illustrations.

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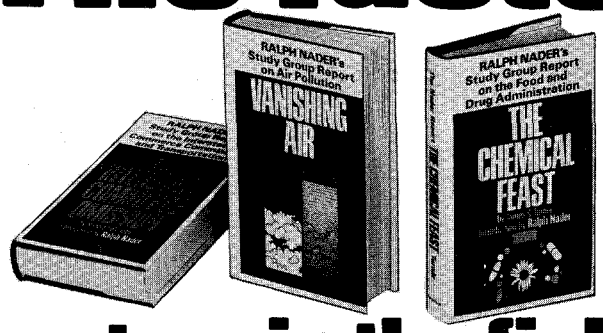
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Introductions by Ralph Nader

HENRY WELCH, while serving as FDA Antibiotics Division Director, edited two private drug journals financed by antibiotic drug manufacturers—and made a personal profit of $287,142.40 in eight years.

GENERAL MOTORS spends 10 times more for advertising each year than it invests in air pollution research. Its pollution research budget equals about 0.10% of its gross annual sales.

U.S. STEEL, given eight years to reduce pollutant emissions in Chicago, instead *increased* their total output by approximately 2000 tons per year.

REYNOLDS METALS' attitude on pollution? One company exexcutive, quoted by a Federal judge, said: "It's cheaper to pay claims than to control fluorides."

CONSOLIDATED EDISON of New York pays its Board Chairman more salary in a single year than it spent on pollution control research in the last five years.

MONSANTO manufactures and sells pollution control devices—but doesn't use them in its own factories.

KELLOGG's, together with General Foods, General Mills, and Quaker Oats, produces 85% of American breakfast food—at a profit nearly double the average for all food manufacturing.

LIPTON'S Beef Stroganoff, when prepared, contains approximately 20% beef. Under food standard regulations, the FDA has authority to require such a product to be labeled "imitation" Beef Stroganoff. But the FDA has not acted.

CALTEC CITRUS paid a fine of $6,000 when it was charged with adulterating and watering its orange juice. Estimated company profits as a result of this practice: $1,000,000.

CAMPBELL SOUP, according to its president, maintains an expensive soup tureen collection in order to counteract the bad image given the product by Andy Warhol's paintings. The cost of the collection is passed on to the consumer.

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